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By the men . . . for the men in the service

THE 81ST AT ANGAUR

The Army and Marines Take Palau From the Japs

PAGES 2, 3 & 4

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Marines of the 1st Division on the beach of Pelelieu. At the moment they are pinned down by Jap fire.

On Angaur a soldier sprints for cover while a knocked-out vehicle in gulch is blasted by demolition squad.

This is the way Jap phosphate plant on Angaur looked after the Navy and Army had finished with it.

As the green 81st Division hit Angaur, the veteran 1st Marines invaded Pelelieu. On these limestone Gibraltars, fortified for years, the Japs put up a fight.

TAKING ANGAUR —

Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 81ST DIVISION ON ANGAUR, PALAU GROUP—The tanks lumber by—*Golgotha, Bloody Bucket, Singin' Guns, St. Louis Lady, Sea Breeze, Vincennes Cyclone.* They are heading for Suicide Hill, one of the best-defended Jap hide-outs on Angaur. The Japs have a 75 mounted on rails in a cave; it runs out to fire and then withdraws. The aid station has handled 15 to 20 casualties this morning from one company that had no luck in taking the cave.

At the foot of Suicide Hill the parade of tanks pulls to a halt, motors still running. The gulch, a little wider than a tank, makes a right-angle turn here to come directly under the muzzle of the hidden Jap gun. Two of our M8 armored cars are on fire and block the way. The Jap 75 smacked one of them as it turned the corner.

This last stand by a small, cut-off unit of Japs, trying to take as many Americans with them as they can, is typical of the fighting on Angaur, in which the green 81st (Wildcat) Division is seeing its first action. The Japs are fighting the same way over on Pelelieu, where the veteran 1st Marine Division is doing the job.

An American officer is stretched face down on a tank turret, using one of the two-way radio sets that are everywhere on Angaur. He explains to a higher echelon that he is trying to get the two M8s out of the way by shooting them up with our own tank fire. "I may have to shoot a lot of ammunition yet," he says.

"Can you push them?" higher echelon asks. The officer makes an exasperated gesture and the tankmen and infantrymen around the spot grin appreciatively. "The damned things are on fire," he says. "I am not going to push them."

"Okay, okay," the radio says in a hurry. "That's what I wanted to know."

A flame flashes up 20 feet away and 15 of us dive behind the tank, piling in a tangled heap. But the flash is just some open powder burning.

The radio comes on again in the turret. "Get a little closer to the top," it orders. "Not so close that it isn't safe, but you should be able to get a little closer than you are."

"I am working my way up," the officer says. "Let me know how close you get to it. Over."

There is a change of plans. A demolition squad with a satchel charge is called for, and a squad of riflemen moves up on each side of the column of tanks to protect the wrecking crew as it sets the charge in full view of the 75 in the cave.

Blocking the way of the infantry column on the right is a dead Jap sprawled on his back. Across his stomach is an attractive assortment of leather goods. "One of our field glasses," says an infantryman as he steps cautiously over the prostrate form. The Jap must have been killed recently because he is not yet bloated or swarming with maggots like some other Jap corpses.

Nobody makes a move for the souvenirs. "The only souvenir I want to take back with me is my rear end," one rifleman says earnestly.

The "pot-pot" of a sniper is heard from above in the close-grown bushes on a small rise to the left. An infantryman a couple of dozen feet ahead hops in a half crouch and sprays the ridge.

"When we go back, you go back," comes an order from the head of the column. In fatigues, the speaker, who is probably an officer, looks like a GI, an effect he is doubtless trying to enhance for the benefit of the snipers watching us.

The demolition squad sets its fuse. "Move back," comes the order. We double-time to the rear in single file. I jump in behind *Golgotha,*

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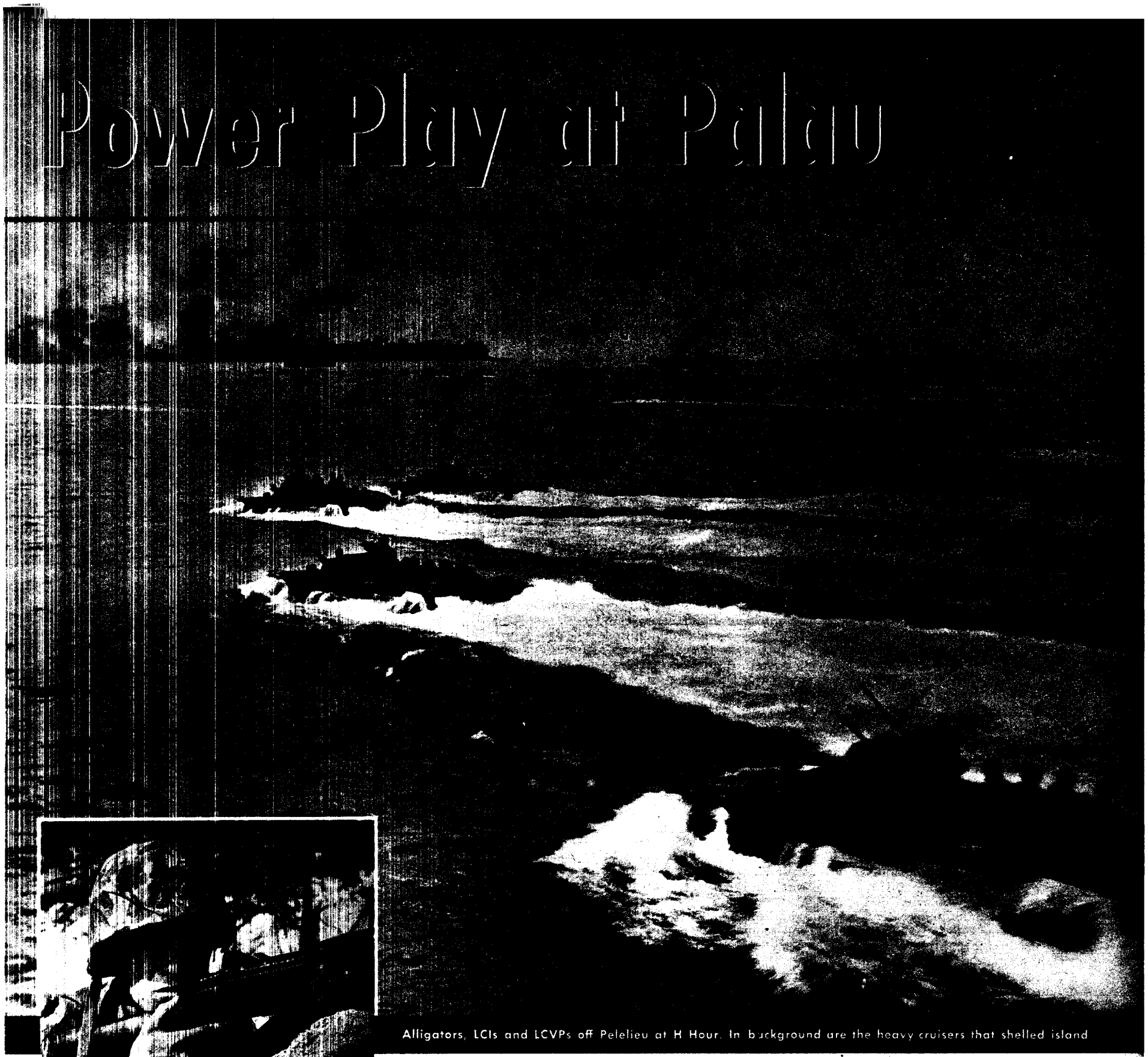
Power Play at Palau



Alligators, LCIs and LCVPs off Peleliu at H Hour. In background are the heavy cruisers that shelled island

Pfc. Bill Kelly, USMC, got two Japs, one with rifle, one with grenade, just before posing for this picture.

under her exhaust pipe. Someone speeds up the motor and the glaring Angaur mid-day heat grows hotter still. The sweat pours off us. It is so hot we even debate whether to jump out from behind *Golgotha*, but we don't.

Then come two explosions—the demolition charges—and now the infantry moves back.

A GENERAL retreat from the area is ordered and the place is left temporarily to the Jap 75 and snipers until patrols can feel them out. The Japs are not going anywhere and this is only one of dozens of well-prepared positions on the island.

"They are in catacombs," says a staff colonel, "that must have taken years to dig. It was all hand labor. No machine could dig that way—burrowed in. Some of these holes were dug 20 years ago." Many are covered with vegetation and cut rocks, gray with exposure to the air.

Undoubtedly the Japs were building some of these strongpoints while we were sinking ships under the terms of the disarmament conferences we held with the Japs in the early 1920s. This is one of the islands from which Japan barred Americans and other foreigners for years, refusing to let the world see what she was doing.

Thanks to the 81st Division, the world is now free to look at one of the choicest pillbox positions the Japs had. It was a shrine on a hill made of 40 feet of solid coral. Its narrow firing slot at the base was plugged with coconut logs. T/Sgt. James J. Weston of Washington, D. C., became one of the few GIs on Angaur to fight a Jap hand-to-hand when he tossed a phosphorous grenade into this pillbox. A Jap officer, followed by six men, charged out and slashed at Weston with a Samurai sword, which glanced off his helmet and cut his shoulder and forearm. Despite his wounds, Weston helped his men cut down the seven Japs with BAR fire.

There were 30 others in the pillbox. When satchel charges failed to root them out, a tank rolled up and for two hours fired 75 shells into the hole. Shots kept coming back. There was still at least one live Jap inside when bulldozers sealed up the pillbox.

To spectators the rat-poison smell of the Jap corpses was like a sharp pain inside the brain. One Jap, killed by a flame thrower, was minus hips and legs. Another cave near the shrine hill was 15 feet deep, 8 feet high and 10 feet wide. Inside were 10 burlap bags of rice and a corkless quart water bottle hung by its neck.

There were other pillboxes that showed how long the Japs had been digging in, like the one T-5 George Reddy of Providence, R. I., entered. "It had four beds," he said, "clean sheets, a lot of fur-covered boxes and family pictures on little tables. We found four dead Japs in there."

THE Japs on Angaur were prepared for an American landing, all right, but they didn't expect it would come from the direction it did. They were betting the invasion would come from the south; many of their guns were pointed that way and the southern beach was strewn with double trenches 10 feet deep, steel rails wired to palm trees, offshore pillboxes and boat traps. Instead the 81st Division hit the narrow beach on the north shore, where there was a 20-foot sand cliff and high surf. These difficulties were overcome and there was little enemy fire.

Sniper positions had been carefully prepared, but they proved of little use. One Jap had made sure he could climb his tree in a hurry by driving U-shaped steel spikes into the trunk to form a stairway up to his platform perch.

As we passed a shattered bungalow at the foot

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of Lighthouse Hill, there was enemy fire nearby. A GI bending over a walkie-talkie in the yard was reporting to an officer. "It's coming from the Hill, sir," he said. "I can hear it but I can't see it. Same place it came from last night."

The bungalow, a two-story affair with a yellow roof, had evidently been a military headquarters. Across the road was a bayonet dummy—a rolled straw mat set on four posts. Sgt. Chester B. Moore of Woody, Calif., tried out an American bayonet on the dummy and decided it was "softer than ours but would probably last longer."

Pfc. Norman Katz of New York, N. Y., was squatting in the yard cleaning sand and coral out of his carbine with a Jap brush. "The fellow I got this from," he said cheerfully, "held a hand grenade to his forehead. It blew his head off."

—AND PELELIEU

WITH THE 1ST MARINES ON PELELIEU, PALAU GROUP — Compared with Pelelieu, the Cape Gloucester campaign was a picnic, and in many ways Pelelieu was worse than Guadalcanal, say men of the 1st Marine Division who are now veterans of all three of these Pacific shows.

"If Guadalcanal had been this small," says Pfc. Louis Adams of New York City, "we would have been wiped out." Adams belongs to the 30 percent of his outfit who fought on the 'Canal and to the 80 percent who saw action on New Britain. He has been overseas 29 months.

Pelelieu's small size made it possible for the Japs to scatter mortar bursts over almost every foot of the Marine holdings for days after the landings, and its limestone composition afforded them defense corridors carved deep beneath the surface. Days of naval shelling, dive-bombing, rockets and flame-throwing, plus 5,000 casualties, were required to take the island.

Pelelieu was hot in both senses of the word. The temperature was so high under the tropical sun that one C-ration can of beans, left all day inside a musette bag in partial shade, was ready for eating by late afternoon, as warm as if heat tabs had been used. Although the instructions on the salt-tablet boxes say that only 15 should be used a day, even when doing heavy work in heated conditions, one medic—Maurice Ested CPhM of Cedar Rapids, Iowa—handed out from 20 to 50 to the fighters and swallowed 30 himself on a single day of the exhausting struggle.

The Japs' prize possession on Pelelieu, from a defense point of view, was a cliff 200 feet high and 400 feet wide, which they had converted into one big pillbox. Days of air and naval hammering crumbled much of it like a melted snow fort, but still mortar and sniper fire came out.

S Sgt. Ray Davison of the 81st and 4-footed captive.

"They're dug in 20 or 30 feet deep, worse than Saipan," said some of those who tried the first assaults. Fishing down into one of the first corners of the hill to be captured, marines found a corridor two feet by three, 10 feet into the cliff.

"I'd like to know how many tons of explosives went into that hill," said Sgt. Ray E. Groman of St. Louis, Mo., as we crouched beside his 40-mm antitank gun, *Balls-a-Fire*, at the edge of the Pelelieu airfield, looking up toward the cliff. "Ten-inch shells, 1,000-pound and 500-pound bombs, fragmentation bombs! They're pounding that damn hill, and Japs still come out and snipe!"

To illustrate his point, a rifle bullet whizzed by above our heads a moment later.

Supplementing nature's gift, the Japs built dozens of pillboxes that put the coconut logs and coral of the Solomons campaign to shame. One pillbox, used by the Marines later as a medical-evacuation station on the beach, had walls of concrete three feet thick, reinforced by steel rods. The firing slot, about 15 inches wide, was just about ground level.

A pillbox next to the airfield was built even more conscientiously. It could be entered only at the ends, by a dozen neat concrete steps leading to a right-angle turn into the pillbox. Barring the way was a heavy steel door. Thus attackers had to fire down through a narrow lane against a slanting target. Roofing it was a foot of concrete and three feet of coral. The room inside was seven feet high, eight wide, and 10 long.

The finest pillbox of all was a two-story concrete blockhouse at the north end of the airfield. Groman said one Marine assault force used five hand grenades, 1,000 rounds of BAR and tommy-gun ammunition and two flame throwers, in addition to an air and naval blasting, and still drew fire from the pillbox when they were 25 yards past it. They paid another call, and there was no more fire from it after that.

EVEN after troops were ashore, the Japs were busy at night putting out new mines. A favorite trick was to mine their own dead to kill the burial parties or souvenir-hunters. Near *Balls-a-Fire* one unburied Jap lay on his back with one leg drawn up. Propped under the calf was a six-inch metal disc. The Rising Sun flag, worn by a dead Jap around his waist in customary fashion, had been pulled out of his pants to tempt a marine to take it. That particular body was so well mined the demolition squad had to blow it up.

Groman told of another case that didn't work out so well. A sailor asked a Marine sergeant for the rifle lying across the chest of a dead Jap, and the sergeant picked it up for him. A mine blasted the sergeant's leg and side. "They gave him a 50-50 chance to live," said Groman.

Robert W. MacDonald PhM3c of Pittsburgh, Pa., said he had seen many corpses with wires running from the pockets, and he even found one GI five-gallon can of water mined with a five-inch charge. "We left it lay," MacDonald said, "even though we needed the water."

Water was so scarce on torrid Pelelieu that when the small boats jammed up at the reef a quarter-mile offshore, some were labeled "RUSH. WATER, HIGH PRIORITY."

Most men went ashore with two canteens of ship water, but many were soon drinking from holes in the coral sand within 30 feet of the sea. The water had no salty taste but rose and fell with the tide. Doctors condemned several holes because a Jap corpse might pollute them, but the holes were usually reopened because of the pressure from waterless troops. Two halazone tablets were prescribed to purify each canteenful.

The marines were surprised at the way the Japs either filtered back swiftly into the blasted beach area after the naval bombardment lifted or else managed to survive under it.

Pfc. Henry J. Wilson of Ridgeway, Va., who landed in an amphibious tank in the first wave, spotted a couple of Japs peering through the back of their pillbox at marines who had already pasted the box. Wilson fired into the box, and other tanks followed suit.

Pvt. John L. Blanco of Quincy, Mass., landed in the eighth wave, an hour and a half after the first wave swept inshore. Noticing a grass-covered pillbox of coral and logs surrounded by a lot of Jap rifles, Blanco strolled over. A grenade lobbed out, causing a compound fracture of his arm. A flame-throwing armored alligator cleaned out the box at last. Five Japs were inside.

Jap skill in the use of English also surprised the troops. When MacDonald and Chief Ested walked across the airfield, someone in a shattered two-story blockhouse waved to them and called out: "This is your CP." The two waved back and were answered with a stream of .30-caliber machine-gun bullets. They scrammed. "It must have been one of our guns captured here or in the Philippines," the chief says.

Up near the hill one night, another Jap shouted: "Where's B Company CP?" and "Where's the major?"

"They asked him for the password and he said 'ah-ah'," says MacDonald. "That was the last 'ah-ah' he ever said. They blew him to hell."

THE Japs used about a dozen tanks on Pelelieu. MacDonald saw the first one go into action. "It was a little toy tank," he said. "Japs were hanging all over it, strapped on, and others ran behind. They were out to get our personnel. They ran over some of our men, spinning forward, backing up, turning around." All the Japs on the tank were soon hanging dead from their straps, and a bazooka finished off the tank.

A few hours later the rest of the Jap tanks met the same fate in a battle with the Marines' General Shermans. The Shermans were parked just inside the jungle at the edge of Pelelieu airfield when the Japs appeared in midfield heading for them.

"We got two at point-blank range 100 yards away," said Sgt. Herbert M. Jones of Bridger, Mont., a tank commander. "Two more were coming across the field 800 yards away and we got them. There wasn't enough tank there to fight a Sherman. We made big jagged holes where our shells went through them, and they burst into flames. It was over in 30 minutes."

T-5 Maurice Clark of Sylvester, Ga., an Army man who drove a duck to help supply the Marines, told how the Japs set up sniper bridges from one treetop to another. Clark said the bridge system consisted of twin cables supporting stepping boards and that quick-moving snipers kept GIs on the ground confused.

Night-infiltrating Japs seemed to be able, as usual, to get just about wherever they wanted. The rosy glow of the dawn of D-plus-two at the division CP was spoiled by a sudden clatter of rifles and the dull thud and whiz of grenades 75 yards away.

"Those trigger-happy guys," growled a sergeant. "They oughta be shot." After five minutes of the firing, he changed his tune. "The joke'll be on me if there are 30 dead Japs up there."

There were three. They had come more than a mile through the Marine beachhead, passing through two large bivouacs, and had killed two sergeants with grenades before they were knocked off themselves. One, sprawled face down, was wearing old-fashioned wrap-around puttees. He had a GI haircut. All three had been carrying new rifles and bayonets, and each one had a tiny prayer satchel—rolled slips of paper inscribed with Jap lettering. Two of the Japs wore two-toed sandals, the other was barefoot.

No spot on the beach was safe for days after the landing. Mortar shells blasted at intervals along the beach and reef, usually on personnel concentrations. In one barrage on D-plus-two, we heard the screams of a marine 150 feet away as a mortar shell landed at the edge of the hole in which he was crouching. It severed both main leg arteries. He fainted and soon bled to death.

Among the minor discomforts of Pelelieu was the rising tide inside many a foxhole. At 0300 high tide, many foxholes were four or five inches deep in water, but most of the exhausted marines slept through the flood.

TOO MUCH IS ENOUGH

En Route to Palau—A dozen first sergeants and master sergeants on this Marine transport heading for Pelelieu outsmarted themselves.

They put in an order for two gallons of vanilla ice cream every night for the last week before D Day and had no trouble putting away almost a quart a man.

On D-minus-one, just after finishing the regular two gallons, they were startled by an invitation from the ship's chief petty officers to a farewell party. The eats consisted of a whole ham, a chocolate layer cake 18 inches long inscribed "GOOD LUCK"—and two gallons of ice cream. The sergeants managed to eat one gallon but couldn't finish the other. —YANK Staff Correspondent

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"THE Japanese will not crack."

That's what Joseph C. Grew, who was the U. S. ambassador to Japan for 10 years, says about our enemy.

"They will not crack morally or psychologically or economically, even when eventual defeat stares them in the face," Grew says. "They will pull in their belts another notch, reduce their rations from a bowl to a half-bowl of rice and fight to the bitter end. Only by utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion of their men and materials can they be defeated. That is the difference between the Germans and the Japanese. That is what we are up against in fighting Japan."

And according to a study made by the Office of War Information, that "utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion" won't come until at least 1½ or 2 years after the end of the war with Germany.

The conclusion reached by the OWI is based on known facts and figures about the enemy's resources—and our own—in men and materiel, and on the estimates and opinions of authorities in the Navy, War and State Departments and the Foreign Economic Administration. Ambassador Grew's opinions were also in the OWI report.

One of the most important reasons it will take that long to defeat Japan is that their lines are shortening and ours are growing longer. Until we began regaining territory overrun by the Japs, their shipping had to cover an area stretching 10,000 miles north and south and 5,000 miles from east to west. The supply problem becomes simpler for Japan and more serious for us as we take the fighting closer to the Jap homeland.

Pacific

HERE, as listed by the OWI, are the advantages on our side:

The Allied production of war materiel is far superior to the Japanese. For example, the U. S. alone produces 8,000 combat planes a month compared with an estimated 1,400 to 1,500 planes turned out by Japan.

The U. S. has a great superiority in aircraft carriers, while Japan has lost the power for a strategic offensive beyond the range of her land-based planes.

It is estimated that Japan is constructing less than 1 million tons of shipping a year, while the Allies are sinking more than 1½ million tons of Jap shipping each year.

Japan's industries have been bombed by B-29s.

Some 50 major bases of Japan's outer zone of defense have been neutralized by island-skipping, and Allied forces are now within striking distance of the enemy's inner defense zone.

Allied forces are now in position to shut off Japan's supply routes from the south by taking back the Philippines.

The Ledo-Burma Road from India to China will be opened by a successful conclusion of the fighting in Burma.

According to Gen. MacArthur, the Jap officer corps "deteriorates as you go up the scale." He says that the officer corps is based on the caste and feudal system and that it doesn't represent "strict professional merit." The Allies have the advantage of military leaders of proved ability in global warfare and in battles of maneuver.

The Japs have been outfought and outmaneuvered at sea, and they have lost five planes to every one we have lost. And although the Jap soldier is a good fighter, the Allies have beaten him in every test since we took the offensive.

NOW here are some of the advantages held by Japan that will help her stretch out the war:

The Foreign Economic Administration estimates that Japan is able to replace its airplanes as fast as we have been destroying them, and that in almost every class of war equipment Japan can increase its production by the use of stockpiles and substitutes. The enemy has a stockpile of rubber, for instance, sufficient for another five years. Rubber, in fact, is so plentiful that the Japs are said to be paving streets with natural rubber and cutting down rubber trees in Borneo to make room for rice plantations. Jap stockpiles of other raw materials, however, are not so great. They are said to have only enough aluminum on hand for another 6 to 18 months.

Advanced airbases in China, from which attacks could be made on the Japanese homeland, are a part of the Allied strategy. But so far, Japan has been winning the war in China, and instead of gaining new airfields, the Allies have recently lost several.

The OWI says that despite the drain of Jap manpower during the long war in China and in the South Pacific, the Jap army has not yet been brought to its full strength. It is estimated that the army consists of 4 million men and that another 2 million fit and available men haven't yet been called up for military duty. In addition, there are said to be 1½ million men between the ages of 17 and 20 who are not yet subject to the draft. The U. S. has been drafting men of 18. And the OWI says that the destruction of the Jap armies has not yet equaled the normal replacement of between 200,000 and 250,000 who come of draft age each year.

Although the U. S. Navy has defeated the Japs in several battles, Japan still has a strong fleet—10 or 13 battleships, 10 or 12 large aircraft carriers and several smaller ones, and a number of smaller screening warships.

THESE advantages held by Japan are, of course, all relative. In almost each instance, we hold the trump card. While the Japs are able to replace their lost planes, our production is much greater than theirs; while their army has not yet reached its fullest possible strength, the Allies will eventually be able to bring greater numbers of men into play; while their fleet is still strong, ours is much stronger. They are advantages only because we have such great distances to contend with in the war against Japan.

In the invasion of France, the Allies measured distances in scores of miles. In the Pacific they are measured by the thousands. In Europe, the invasion ships made an overnight trip. The round-trip time in the Pacific is as much as five months for some of the longer routes.

For every soldier who hits a beach there must be landed immediately 5 to 10 tons of cargo, ranging from buttons, needles and thread to tanks and locomotives. The OWI estimates that for a force of 250,000 men—a fairly large invasion force—more than 1½ million tons of equipment would have to be landed right away, and that such a force would need an additional supply of more than 300,000 tons for each 30 days.

About 5,000 separate beachings by various types of landing craft would be necessary to land these men and equipment. And in order to maintain them for 30 days, the arrival and unloading of from 30 to 35 Liberty ships and 15 tankers would be necessary.

It takes a supply ship from 30 to 45 days to make a round trip to Hawaii. It takes 90 to 150 days for a ship to make the round trip to Australia. So a supply ship from Australia can make at most four trips a year, and perhaps only two trips with a start on a third. That means that three to six ships must be kept in service to supply one shipload a month.

And supply ships going to the CBI Theater take five months for a round trip.

All this means protection for the supply ships, the establishment of bases for supply and repair of damaged ships, and supplying the right types of craft for landing operations.

Another serious problem is the lack of unloading and storage facilities. According to one authority, the methods available in the Pacific are sometimes "as crude as those Robinson Crusoe had to use to get his stuff out of the wreck."

THE report by the OWI quotes Adm. Chester W. Nimitz's observation that "it may be possible to defeat Japan without the necessity of an invasion," and points out the steps necessary to gain a victory through the use of a blockade.

The war economy of the enemy, says the report, is based primarily on access to North China, Korea and Manchuria, on the mainland across the Sea of Japan. This is a land-locked sea and Japan can patrol it with land-based planes. The length of time needed for a victory through blockade would be decided by the size of Japan's stockpiles of war materiel and the effectiveness of the blockade.

An effective blockade would have to cut Japan off from Korea, only 150 miles away from her shores and with east-coast ports that would have to be protected unless the Allies could successfully and continuously enter the Sea of Japan.

But the OWI report concludes: "There is no question in the minds of American authorities that the Allies will defeat Japan. The odds of military strength, natural resources and the quality of the fighting forces and equipment—all favor the United Nations."

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Yanks at Home Abroad

FISHERMAN IN FRANCE. Sgt. "Hooks" Hill, a Fort Worth (Tex.) boy who came to France on a tour conducted by the 3d Infantry Division, pauses to drop a line in the Doubs River near Avanne for old times' sake.

Modern Design Invades Iran Pressroom

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

IRAN—Things ain't the same any more with the *U. S. Army Dispatch*, the eight-page weekly newspaper of the Persian Gulf Command.

The entire paper, formerly handset, is set in linotype now—on two new machines shipped from the States. (They must have come by way of Mars—they were a year on the way.)

These are the first linotypes ever seen in Persia and the only ones between Egypt and India. They are the envy of all the local newspapermen, English and French included, who hang around for hours just to see them operate.

The native Iranian typesetters are looking at the "crazy" American soldiers with new respect these days. Some of the older printers wouldn't believe that such a machine as the linotype existed. When Sgt. Grant Woods of Brenham, Tex.; Pfc. Clarence (Pop) Gates, 46-year-old journeyman printer from Chicago, Ill.; Pfc. Maurice Leahy of Meriden, Conn.; Pfc. Matthew Spyrka of Chicago and T-5 Robert E. Kiefer of Springfield, Ohio, tried to tell them what the linotype would do, they just looked wise and said: "You must have been smoking opium."

The linotypes survived a shipwreck and a beaching, though some of the parts were lost. Instructions for assembling the machines also disappeared, and after the linotypes arrived, in a thousand separate pieces, S/Sgt. Ernest Johnson of Johnson City, Tenn., spent seven weeks jigsawing them together. Missing parts were duplicated at a railroad machine shop.

Now that the linotypes are running, the old-fogey Iranians who scoffed are beginning to see that there is something to this Western civilization besides Donald Duck and toilets that flush.

So the *Dispatch* has gone respectable, in 7-point Ionic, and T/Sgt. Bill Martley from the New Haven (Conn.) *Journal-Courier*, the editor, can laugh about the bygone days with old-timers of the staff like CWO Joe Gans, New York City public relations man; S/Sgt. Hugh Walker from the Lebanon (Tenn.) *Democrat;* Sgt. Paul Jones from the Indianapolis *Star*, Cpl. Roy M. Miller of Dallas, Tex., and Pfc. Richard Zehms of Long Beach, Calif.

Unable to read English, the native typesetters had no idea what they were setting. Once a hurried pressman picked up a *Dispatch* page by mistake and put it on the forms. That day the French-language newspaper *Journal de Teheran* appeared with a back page composed of "Male Call," "The Wolf" and a lot of incomprehensible news from the States.

That could never happen today because the *Dispatch* has a couple of the best pressmen in the business—Cpl. Donald Wright, former assistant shop foreman of the Crowell Publishing Company in Springfield, Ohio, and Pvt. George Galentine of Fort Wayne, Ind.

The *Dispatch*, recent winner of the world-wide CNS award as the best U. S. Army newspaper, has handled many big stories but none hotter than the Teheran Conference last year. Frustrated by censorship, the staff decided to cover the event in the manner of a country weekly. The story began like this:

"President Roosevelt, Premier Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill were pleasant visitors to Teheran last week. Unfortunately they did not have time to see much of our beautiful scenery or enjoy our climate, as the visit was more in the nature of a business trip."

The *Dispatch's* columns have occasionally been enlivened by some sparkling doggerel contributed by an unhonored leprechaun who signs his stuff Joey Sims. Sample of his imperishable work:

Sunday traffic's driving stress
Oftentimes was quite a mess,
But never was there mess so thorough
As trying to pass a Persian burro.

For a very brief period the *Dispatch's* destiny was under the control of a madman who knew nothing about newspapers but had once seen the movie, "The Front Page." He knew just two newspaper terms, which he used all the time, regardless of whether they applied to the circumstance. One was "slug" and the other was "leg man." Day or night he would ask insanely: "How is the leg man making out with the slugs?"

Success, a new home and the amazing linotype machines have brought respectability to the old *Dispatch;* now it is like any good civilian newspaper in the States. And the men have nothing left to gripe about—except the eternal T/O, guard duty and when-do-we-go-home?

IRISH. *Three times 1st Sgt. Thomas E. Valentine refused to go to OCS. He feared he'd be shifted from the 27th Division, New York's Fighting Irish. His obstinacy paid off and, in the hospital with wounds received fighting at Saipan, he got a direct commission as a second lieutenant with his beloved 27th.*

Washing on Siegfried Line

LUXEMBOURG—When you're tired and dirty and you've been in the line too long, the next best thing to going home is a bath and clean clothes. Scattered along the Western Front, just behind the fighting outfits, a number of QM laundry and shower units bring those boons to the front-line troops.

When the unit trucks arrive at a suitable spot, the trailers are unhitched and the laundry motors start to hum, powered by portable generators. Most of the business for the showers and laundry equipment comes from the division to which the unit is attached, but any soldier who happens along can make use of the facilities.

While you're lolling under the hot water in the shower, the laundrymen are washing and drying your clothes, which are ready for you not long after you emerge. The complete laundry job takes 37 minutes.

T/Sgt. Abner Freeman of Asheville, N. C., one of the noncoms in charge of this Negro unit, landed in France shortly after D Day and has been following the division ever since. Part of his outfit, he says, are now across the German border servicing troops in the Siegfried Line.

By the time Abner had finished telling me about his outfit, my clothes were finished and I put them on and started down the road, collecting mud all over again. —Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

I Wake Up Dreaming

GUADALCANAL—Any time you get eaten out when you say you were late for a formation because you didn't hear the bugler, you can point to the case of Cpl. John DeCesare.

Cpl. DeCesare is from Providence, R. I., and he's the bugler for Headquarters Company, Island Command. One morning recently he dashed out into the company street, holding up his pants with one hand and his bugle with the other. He tooted his bugle, took it from his mouth, turned around and fell flat on his face. His knees and arms were badly bruised.

"I wasn't fully awake," he explained sheepishly. "After playing 'Reveille,' I figured I'd turn over and sleep a little longer. That's when I hit the ground." —Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

WITH *tanks giving some* protection from enemy sniper fire, men of the 81st Division move by the body of a slain Jap on Angaur Island, Palau group, in this photograph by YANK's Mason Powlak PhoM1c. Two knocked-out vehicles up ahead had to be blown up by a demolition squad before the advance could continue. See pages 2, 3, 4 for the Palau story.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3 & 4—Mason Pawlak PhoM1c. 5—Signal Corps. 6—Upper, Signal Corps; lower, Pfc. George Burns. 8, 9, 10 & 11—Sgt. George Aarons. 12—Upper left, INP; lower left, Sgt. Dil Ferris; upper right, Boeing News Bureau; center right, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower center, Signal Corps; lower right, Cpl. Roger Wrenn. 13—Upper right, Pvt. Lee Chaplin. OTI; center left, AAF; lower left, Signal Corps; lower center, INP; lower right, Republic Pictures. 17—Acme. 18—Upper left, AAF; upper right, Signal Corps; Camp Croft, S. C.; lower left, PRO, Third Service Command. 19—Upper left, PRO, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.; lower left, Acme; lower right, Signal Corps. 20—Columbia Pictures. 23—Upper, Acme; lower, Signal Corps.

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Not a Combat Story

Our fashion reporter says that black straps make a woman look more naked than a woman with no black straps at all.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

"ALL the emphasis was placed on sex," said the newspaper story. "Skirts were two or three inches above the knee, hips were closely swathed to show every curve, busts were overdraped or overexposed—beauty was completely shorn away."

That's what a fashion expert said about what had happened to women's fashions after the last war. After I took a cold shower I went out to see if the same thing was happening to women's fashions this time.

My survey lasted several days, and now that it's over and I am back from a nearby rehabilitation center where they give the Keeley Cure, I am able to report that there seem to be two schools of thought among the fashion designers.

These opposing schools are represented by Russeks, the New York store on Fifth Avenue that specializes in fur coats, and by Bergdorf Goodman, the ultrafashionable Fifth Avenue store where, as they say, "the mood is proud and positive and confident, discarding understatement." Those pretty words were interpreted by one of the leading fashion writers of the country as meaning: "What the women are going to wear for the boys who come home will accentuate nudity." She explained that there will be great big open spaces in strategic places in the dresses and that black straps in those open spaces will make them seem even more open.

Russeks was holding what the spokesman for the store called a "Pink Champagne Party of Design Studio Furs" when I went up there. A pretty lady with a boyish bob called over a waiter and twisted my arm until I consented to drink a glass of the bubbly needled grape juice. Then she gave me a seat among all the magazine and newspaper fashion writers who were guzzling the stuff with apparent pleasure.

Some time later I discovered they had some stuff imported from Scotland, and after I had cleared my palate with a bit of caviar, I switched. Before the show actually started a man got up in front of the merry throng and gave a brief lecture on what he thought of the new season's styles.

"I," he said modestly, "am an authority on fashions; I live fashions, I dream fashions." He was wearing a blue suit which he told me later was made of the lightest English flannel, a shirt with blue-and-white stripes and a bow tie also with blue-and-white stripes but with stripes running horizontally, not vertically, as on the shirt. Me for that stuff.

After he had established himself as an expert to his and our satisfaction, he went on to tell about the things he was afraid would happen to women's fashions after the war is over. "After the last war," he said, "women's skirts climbed to a point four or five inches above the knee." I applauded happily but was shushed by my neighbors—a couple of magazine girls who hadn't heard yet of the uptown trend toward nudity.

The fashion show finally began, and the lady with the boyish bob, whom I will call Miss Castle (because that's her name) acted as the master, or rather, mistress of ceremonies. Two blondes, a redhead and two brunettes came out of a little doorway at one end of the big mirror-lined room, waved their hips and incidentally showed the clothes they were wearing. At first I had a little trouble, probably because of the pink champagne, because somehow I could see right through the clothes the girls were wearing. After a while, however, I adjusted myself to my environment.

WHAT they are proud of at Russeks, I gathered, are their shoulders. It seems they have a designer, name of Ralph Marano, who thinks more of a woman's shoulders than anything else. Marano is missing a great deal, but that is neither here nor there. Some of the coats this fall and winter season will keep a woman warm all over. Some of them, which are shorter, won't.

The coats I saw are all made of high-class animals, like mink (in the wild and bottle-fed state), leopards and Persian lambs. A little way off Fifth Avenue, I am told, it is possible to get less costly furs, such as alley cat and Shetland pony.

One number that looked very good was called by Miss Castle a "dramatic Somali leopard wrap coat with the Marano saddle shoulder." Don't ask me why it's called a saddle shoulder; there were no stirrups on it. Miss Castle said that the nice thing about this little number is that it's the "easiest way to wear a fur coat. You just throw it over your shoulders and off you go." She depressed all us fashion writers, however, by remarking that Somali leopard is hard to get nowadays "because of all that fighting that went on in Somaliland."

I asked a nearby expert how much a thing like that would cost and she whispered back: "Not more than a couple of thousand dollars." I am told you can't borrow money under the GI Bill of Rights to buy fur coats.

Miss Castle described one of the hats worn by one of the long-legged models as a "dark purple, passionate hat made of glycerine feathers." To me it looked like the hat was made of that candy cotton they sell at the circus.

At one point it sounded to me as if Miss Castle had described one of the coats as having "a pointed brassiere." That didn't seem possible, so I asked someone sitting next to me who obviously knew about such things. She sneered at me. It turned out that what Miss Castle had actually said was "the coat had a pointed revere," and the expert explained that a revere is something like the lapel on a man's coat.

One of the blond models came out wearing a coat made of something called "nutria," and Miss Castle described her coat as "every woman's coat, because it hides all unnatural protruberances." The model frowned, opened her coat and looked herself over. I think it would be a crime against nature for a girl like her to wear such a coat.

Another coat was described as a white broadtail lamb. We were warned that this coat is not suitable for skiing. "Every time some girls see a white coat, they want to go skiing in it," said Miss Castle. She said the only skiing possible in such a coat could be done at a night club.

IT was with great reluctance that I tore myself away from my colleagues of the fashion press, such as the Countess Willaumez and the Countess de Mun, whom I last saw gaily guzzling a glass of pink champagne. But duty called, and I made a forced march up to Fifth Avenue and 58th Street, to Bergdorf Goodman's simple, modest little nine-story shop, where another fashion show was going on.

At Bergdorf Goodman, the clothes, as the store's spokesman says, "carry no suggestion of a truant queen playing dairymaid; they are clearly designed for the lady who gracefully lives up to the importance of her place in the world." They also go in for "fervent fitting" and "severely superb Oxford gray with strict stripes." One suit, according to the store's spokesman, is "molded softly, as if by a deft thumb stroke from beneath." The haughty model who wore it looked as if she had been wearing the suit when the job with the thumb was done.

The model frowned, opened her coat, and looked herself over.

I was given a fancy colored booklet that was supposed to explain just what the 20 or so models were wearing. According to Bergdorf Goodman, women should wear one dress in the morning, another dress in the late afternoon and still another dress for dinner. And any woman who doesn't—she's just a dope and to hell with her.

Here are some of the simple things Bergdorf Goodman would like women to wear: for the morning, a black crepe with black silk braid on sleeves and at high throat; for the late afternoon, a black wool dress laced up the front; for the evening, a black "velvet sheath, outlined in jet at its shallow decolletage." That's where the kicker is, in that "decolletage" jive. That means it's cut away, all the way down the front.

It didn't seem possible that the model who was wearing that little number could really hold herself together unless she had miraculous muscular control. I must have expressed my amazement, because a lady fashion writer sitting next to me leaned over and whispered a few facts of life that were new to me and which I will pass on because maybe things were different before you left.

All that glitters, she told me, is not gold, and appearances are deceiving. It seems they sell those things, or anyway reasonable facsimiles of those things, in the stores, for women who have been overlooked by nature. And unless you know the lady real well, you can't be sure.

To such a pass, men, has the world come.

All is not gold that glitters.

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Mountain Maquis

IN FRENCH ALPS, THE GERMANS FOUND A PEOPLE WILLING TO FIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

By Sgt. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

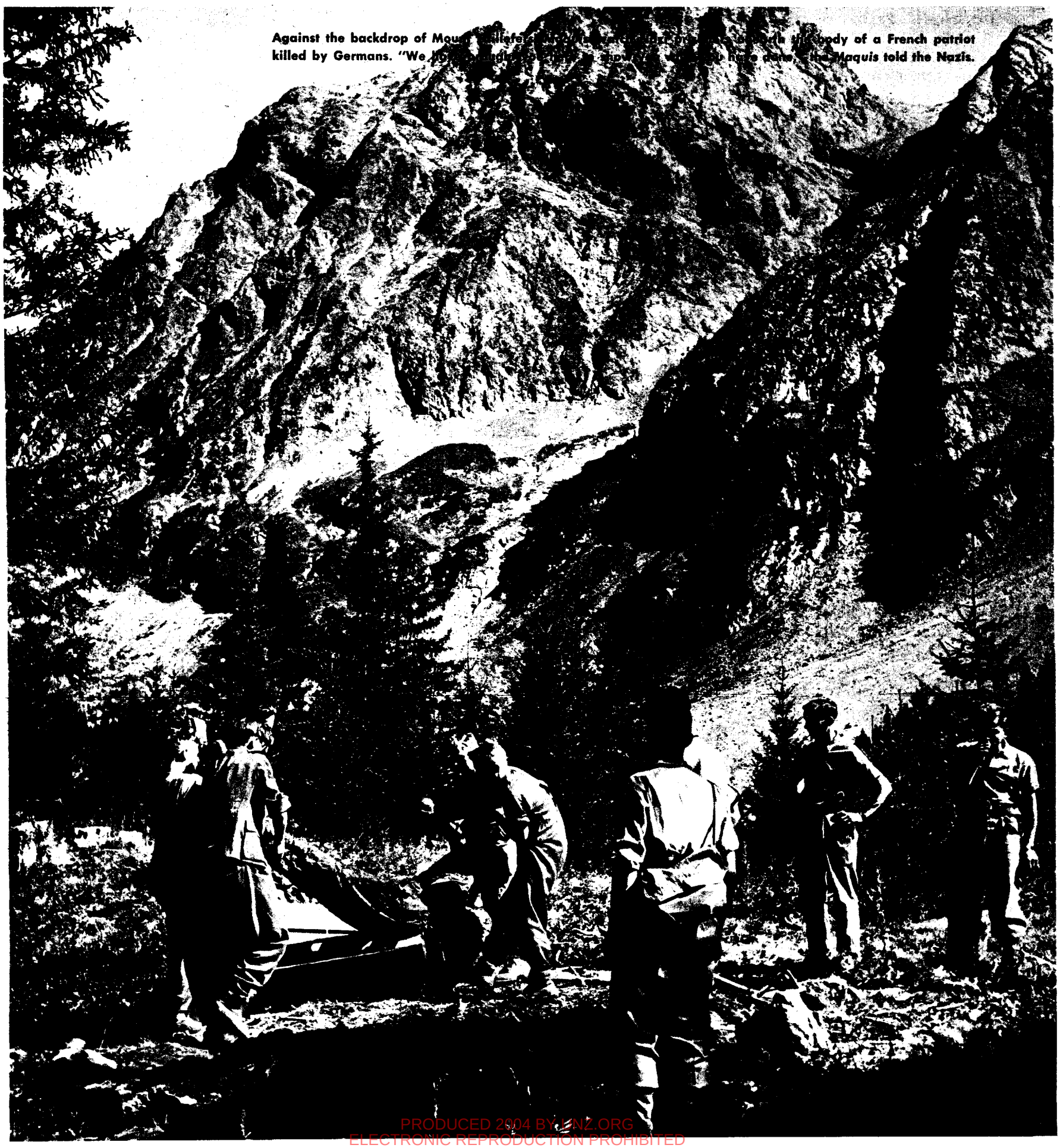
SOUTHERN FRANCE — The Vercors is a high, broad plateau lying west and southwest of the city of Grenoble in the French Alps. It is lovely country, something like New Hampshire, with smooth sleek slopes that make wonderful ski runs in the winter and with trout-filled brooks, lakes and deep waterfalls. But the green fields of the Vercors are richer than those of New Hampshire and the mountains are wilder.

Now picture New Hampshire with its towns gutted, its farms burned and fresh-dug graves with plain wooden crosses scattered everywhere. That's the Vercors today.

The people of this country resemble New Englanders in many respects. They don't talk much; they stick close to their farms; they hate to have outsiders tell them what to do; they are very proud of their revolutionary tradition.

Maybe there is something in the mountain air that breeds a special love of liberty. The Vercors paid a stiff price for that heritage.

ON July 19 and 21, German planes bombed the town of Pont en Royans in the Vercors, killing 25 people, wounding many more and destroying half the homes. The Germans are very accurate when they have no opposition, and they had something to destroy in Pont en Royans. Out of the town's population of 950 there was not one collaborationist. It was here in the autumn of



Against the backdrop of Mou[illegible] body of a French patriot killed by Germans. "We [illegible] Maquis told the Nazis.

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Every home and building in the town of La Chapelle has been hit by war.

Abbe Seraphim Pitavy holds part of an ancient clock ruined by the Nazis.

1941 that the first group of local *Maquis* (fighters of the underground) was organized. There were no haircutting parties here, either, as there were in other parts of France, where girls had loved the enemy too well.

From Pont en Royans there is a narrow mountain road that climbs to the highest section of the plateau. All along this road are piles of blackened timber stumps and burned and twisted vehicles. At the top is a ridge overlooking the Grand Goulet, a giant canyon that is one of the famous scenic spots in the region. On both sides of the Goulet are wild forests of pine and fir that housed the *Maquis* before the invasion. Most of the time the *Maquis* were pinned here, unable to get food from the farmers below. Many died. But two crack German divisions were tied up around these hills when the Allies hit the beaches of southern France.

Past the Grand Goulet is the town of La Chapelle. Before the war it was a winter resort, with souvenir shops and a gracious old inn and a steepled church. Now it is a skeleton town. Its courtyard is cluttered with bedsprings, bits of glass, burned-out wagons, blown-up German cars. The main street with its pretty, expensive shops is now a mass of rubble. Flue pipes show where there were once chimneys.

In the courtyard we find the *abbé*, Seraphim Pitavy, curate of the town church for the past 10 years. The church was lucky. Most of it is still standing, although its 12th-century clock tower has been smashed by German mortar shells. There was no military reason for shelling the tower; the *Maquis* left town two days before the Germans came. But a German mortar crew used it for target practice. That was the day the German commander asked for 16 young men as hostages. All the young men had left to join the *Maquis*, so the Germans took 16 little boys and lined them up against a wall and shot them.

"It is hard to understand such people," the *abbé* says. "With ordinary criminals there is some hope. But you cannot reach these Germans."

Inside the church the pews are scattered and broken, the stained-glass windows smashed. The Germans stole most of the gold ornaments. The walls are scarred with bullet holes. There is a freshly laid hen's egg in the pulpit. Across the road from the church are the ruins of the *abbé's* house. On a mantel above the fireplace stands a tiny marble statue of Joan of Arc, her arms crossed above her breast.

THEN there is the village of Vassieux. From the distance, as you come up the road, it looks like any other French mountain village. But as you draw nearer, the brownstone houses seem strangely flattened on top. Then you see why. They have no roofs. The interior of each house has been fired by the Germans and the roof blown up from the inside. Only the four walls remain intact. It is a town of stone boxes without tops.

Piled against one house are stacks of wooden crosses; nearby are a dozen empty wooden coffins.

A group of 40 women and a few children are gathered around a table made of two planks. This is the community soup kitchen set up for Vassieux by *Le Secours National*, the FFI relief organization. The table is set outside the only house in the village that has a roof. Inside, the village priest and two women are sitting by a table, eating soup and coarse brown bread.

The *abbé* is Fernane Gagnol. He is very young and slight and bespectacled, and he wears a long black gown that is dirt-stained and torn. This priest has a reputation for great courage in the Vercors. He worked with the *Maquis*, picking up arms dropped by parachute from Allied planes.

He says that on July 21, a force of 600 German glider troops landed near Vassieux. Ten days earlier the British had dropped 800 cases of supplies by parachute to the *Maquis*, the largest amount they had ever received at one time. Most of the supplies had been removed by the time the Germans appeared, and a *Maquis* rear guard of 100 men was waiting. In the battle that followed, 56 *Maquis* were killed. The Germans entered Vassieux, looting and burning. Within two hours, 69 people out of a population of 350 had been murdered. Others were found later, hanging on trees in the woods or butchered in the ditches. Bodies are still being found, which is why the empty coffins and crosses are waiting.

The survivors fled to the hills, the *abbé* says, where they stayed without any food for five days. On the fifth day the *abbé* returned to Vassieux. The town was lifeless and empty except for one house.

"I heard a sound of crying from that house," the *abbé* says. "It sounded like a moaning animal. I walked in. There was a little girl, about 12 years old, pinned to the floor by two great timbers. When we released her, she told us that the German soldiers had left her there. When she pleaded for water they laughed at her. In the cellar of the house, the girl's mother and sister lay dying and she listened to their moans for three days. Then they were quiet and she knew they were dead."

The *abbé* turns to his unfinished meal and is silent for a moment. Then he says: "It will be a hard winter, but it is easier to suffer when you are free. Next spring we will get building materials and rebuild the houses of the people. And perhaps," he adds shyly, "we will even be able to build ourselves another church."

NOW the Germans have gone. The *Maquis* bled them while they were here, then the Allies came with tanks and planes and kicked them out.

The Vercors buries its dead. In a former *Maquis* camp deep in the hills, 30 German prisoners wait to bury some Frenchmen. With them are several FFI guards, a *Maquis* captain, a priest and two doctors. The Germans were part of a division of Bavarian mountain troops that attacked this camp on the morning of Aug. 13. There were 50 *Maquis* in camp at that time; 31 were killed, 14 managed to escape, and the rest were tortured to death. The French Red Cross removed most of the bodies but there were six *Maquis* still left, buried in makeshift graves. They came from Grenoble, and now these FFI men have been assigned to bring the bodies back.

The prisoners stand there, looking very young. They have brought up coffins in which to carry back the bodies. The graves are scattered all over the field, and four prisoners are assigned to dig up each one. The guards watch without comment, except one who turns his head away and weeps when the body of a friend is unearthed. After the graves have been opened and the coffins sealed, the *Maquis* captain orders the entire group to stand in formation. The priest offers a brief prayer over each body, and then the captain addresses the German prisoners. He speaks in French and an interpreter repeats his words in German. It is very quiet; only the mountain wind rustles the leaves of the trees.

"You may have wondered," the captain says slowly, "why we forced you to come here and dig up these graves of the men you killed. We could have found thousands of *Maquis* who would have been proud to carry the bodies of their dead comrades. But we brought you here to show you what you have done. In a short time, French soldiers will be going into Germany and they'll remain a long time. If there is any feeling of humanity left in you, try to understand what you have done to our people. And when you go back to your land, tell your people what you have done so they will know why the world hates them."

The prisoners listen in dull silence, staring into space. When the captain finishes, they lift the coffins onto their shoulders and start down the mountain. When they reach the main road where their vehicles are parked, they place the coffins on a waiting truck. Standing beside the truck are a group of women and little girls from a nearby village. They all have bunches of flowers in their hands and they place the flowers gently on the coffins. They have been waiting all night.

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Kiwis in Italy

Fighting Kiwis in Italy line up for their chow. It's corned willie and, inevitably, a chipped mug of tea.

How New Zealand veterans ate rabbit stew, seized a German house, buried their dead and moved one hill nearer home.

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE EIGHTH ARMY IN ITALY — This New Zealand infantry battalion fought in Greece during the black, hopeless spring of 1940. Its men fought in Crete. They made the brutal evacuation across the Mediterranean to Africa, where they re-formed, sweated in the desert for two years and then spearheaded the New Zealand drive at El Alamein. They forced the bloody crossing of the Sangro in Italy. They fought and lived in the rubble that was Cassino.

Now, four years after they first faced the Germans, they were preparing to take a little town named El Romula in the north of Italy. Their opponents were the 1st German Paratroopers. It was the same bunch they had fought in Crete and Cassino, and the score now was one all.

The battalion CP was located in a farmhouse, and when I showed up I was taken to the adjutant. He was a dark, good-looking Kiwi, with gray rings under tired eyes and a sad, cynical grin. His name was Carson and he was a captain. I asked him if it would be possible to move on to a company CP, but he refused to take the responsibility. "The Jerry is oh-pipping too well in these hills," he said. "We might be able to move you at night, but that is a matter for the colonel."

After discovering that "oh-pipping" meant observing, I asked where the colonel was. Capt. Carson said that he had taken a wounded major back to the next farmhouse down the road. The major had been wounded in the leg and head by shrapnel the night before, but had raised hell when they tried to take him to a hospital. "I don't need a hospital, I need a warm bath!" the major had yelled; so the considerate colonel had taken him down to the farmhouse where there was supposed to be a Crane bathtub, intact.

I waited around, and before long the colonel and a medic returned with the major. They deposited him in one of the rooms, and then Capt. Carson and I went over to the colonel. "We didn't give Bert Reilly a bath after all," the colonel complained. "Some of those crazy Maori jokers stole the bathtub." The colonel refused to let me go further until that night. He said if the attack succeeded he would see I got to a company CP.

The night's objective for the battalion was the town of El Romula and a farmhouse directly across from it and in front of a hill numbered 373. The artillery was to lay down a heavy barrage and then the infantry was to move in for close work. The attack would begin at 2200 hours; the colonel said to get as much sleep as possible, since the orders might come down at any moment to move up to the company CP. He said I could bunk with No. 11 platoon, which was being held in reserve here at battalion CP.

I WENT over to the platoon mess truck with Pvt. Max Strawbridge, a driver. Most of the platoon was gathered around, cooking dinner and sampling a keg of chianti. The cook was Pvt. Alec Gillon, a former sheepherder from Tarahaki, New Zealand, who was announcing proudly that the meal would be "a baffling mess of everything." The main ingredients were 30 tomatoes, 16 fresh eggs and two rabbits. "I'm going to mix it all together with a little preserved butter and salt," Gillon said, smacking his lips. "The mess might not sound so good, but it is miraculous what you sometimes get out of a combination like this."

They invited me to dinner and I accepted, contributing a can of peas that was floating around my bag. There was also a badly bashed packet of lemon-juice powder, which Gillon accepted and threw into the pot, together with the peas. "Might be just the thing it needs," said a boy named Owen, a small Kiwi with a huge mustache, who acted as first assistant cook.

The men of No. 11 platoon were typical of the New Zealanders around here. They wore no helmets, preferring their berets or stray Itie hats;

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they were all a deep, healthy tan and most of them wore no shirts. They looked like especially healthy members of a 4-H club, except for the hollows under their eyes and the dark tense lines that marked their tan complexions.

Pvt. Gillon's stew went down very easily, lemon-juice powder and all. After dinner we sat around the chianti keg and talked. Most of the talk was about the "shielas" (girls) back home and when they would see them again. Then Gillon and Pvt. Alva Anderson, another ex-sheepherder who came from Palmerston, performed a Maori *haka*, a violent, bloodcurdling dance that used to be done by the Maoris in the bushes of New Zealand to show their defiance of the white man. After that we had a few tohera, which is a shellfish delicacy that the Kiwis receive in packages from home. It is a cross between an oyster and a clam and tastes wonderful.

"In the morning," promised Gillon, "we will have some more tohera, prepared the Gillon way, with condensed cream."

"That," said Owen, "will be something to see—and much worse to eat."

BUT when I awoke the next morning, Gillon and most of the platoon had already gone up the line. Strawbridge, the driver, was the only man left. "The boys took Romula, but they had a sticky time of it," he said. "They had to send the reserve platoon up to help. Alec said to tell you he'd give you those creamed tohera up there, and Owen said to tell you if you value your stomach pray that we don't take the town. There is also a message from the adjutant: he wants to see you."

Capt. Carson was studying a map in his room. He explained that the battalion had won its objective, but that the Maori battalion on the right had run into a little trouble. We now held most of the town of El Romulo and were currently working on a farmhouse at the foot of Hill 373. "The colonel won't let you go into town," Carson said. "A Jerry time bomb just blew up a house and killed eight of our men and we're afraid they have more planted there. But you can go up to the farmhouse. It might be interesting. A company from the Maori battalion is going to try to take it. Some Spandaus inside the house have been holding them up, but we're sending a tank to smoke the Jerries out. If we get that house, we'll go after the hill tonight."

A major from the tank outfit was to direct the tank fire, and I went outside and waited for him. There was a small Kiwi in the yard behind the house with a pencil and piece of paper in his hand. He was going around to the various men sitting there and tapping them on the back. He would smile, ask them something and take down their names. He had straw-colored hair and freckles, and he wore a freshly laundered shirt.

"He's our padre," a Kiwi explained to me. "His name is Capt. Joseph Sullivan, but everyone calls him 'Holy Joe.' He's the most popular joker in the div, but he isn't popular right now. He's trying to get a detail to go after some of our boys who were hit by a Tiger last night."

"It isn't that we mind burying them," said a tall, thin Kiwi. "But four years of filth and war with a joker and he's bound to be your friend, and now that it's near the end, burying your pals is a disagreeable job. We'd rather do anything than get on one of the padre's details."

Soon Capt. Carson brought out the major from the tank outfit and I started up the road with him toward the farmhouse with the Germans. About a mile up the road we came to a small building. There was a Kiwi sergeant standing in the doorway. No sooner had we arrived than a Sherman tank lumbered up behind us and came to a stop.

"Are you with that tank, major?" the sergeant asked.

The major nodded. "We plan to take a few cracks at that farmhouse across the way," he said.

"Well, begging your pardon, sir," the sergeant said, "would you mind taking your cracks and getting the hell out of here? That tank is bound to draw fire and we've had our share."

THE major agreed, and he and I went up to the second floor of the little building to watch the tank fire on the farmhouse with the Germans. We could see the house sitting small on the top of a little rise. The first shot from the Sherman went over, but the next one hit and so did eight more after that. They were all aimed at the basement where the Spandaus were, but from the holes the tank made it didn't seem possible for anyone to come out of the cellar alive. Then Kiwis somewhere else began to lay down a mortar barrage and we could see a platoon start to move in toward the house.

When they were about 300 yards away, the mortar barrage stopped and the platoon opened up with small arms. Then the men started to run toward the house. They were about 50 feet away when a grenade blew up in front of them and one of the Kiwis went down. The rest were almost up to the house when two civilians crawled out of a cellar hole and began running away. The Kiwis didn't pay any attention to them. Both of the civilians started down the rise; they got about 20 yards and then one stepped on a mine and went up in a cloud of dust. The other kept running.

Now I could see dark forms come out of the cellar. They were Germans, about 15 of them, and they all had their hands up. Four Kiwis started to hustle them back to the rear. The rest of the platoon disappeared into the house.

The major and I went downstairs, where the sergeant, who had been standing in the doorway, was now brewing some tea. We sat down and sipped tea and talked about what we had just seen. After about 20 minutes one of the observers came down and said apologetically: "There's a Tiger tank monkeying around over on the hill. I'm afraid he's planning to come this way."

The sergeant told him to report its position to battalion CP and ask for some artillery. The other Kiwis sitting around the place began to put on their helmets and check over their weapons. I asked the sergeant if he intended to go out and take on that Tiger. "Well, no," the sergeant said, "but if he comes this way, we'll have to do something. It isn't comfortable to squat in a farmhouse and take a load from his 88."

The sergeant and I went out and took a look at the Tiger. It was coming across a field toward us, still far away and looking small and unreal, but not far enough away for me. The sergeant called one of the other Kiwis to him. "Go over and tell that tank-destroyer bloke we're expecting a Tiger for tea," he said. The TD was camouflaged in an orchard behind us. In a few minutes a lieutenant came running out of the orchard. He was very excited.

"This is the first chance I've had to use this gun," he said to us. "It's a virgin."

"I hope it remains a virgin," the sergeant said. "I don't like any kind of tanks, theirs or ours."

"You jolly well like them when you get into trouble," the lieutenant said. And he walked back to the orchard, muttering to himself.

But before he could get his gun going our artillery opened up and a huge cloud of dust blew up around the Tiger, hiding it completely. They threw in about 20 shells, and when the dust cleared there was no sign of the Tiger. The lieutenant had popped back out of the orchard and was standing by us. "Damn that arty of ours," he said, sadly. "I was just getting a bead on that monster when the dust began to fly. I wish the bloody div wallahs would let me get one shot out of the TD." None of the infantrymen seemed very impressed with this statement, which saddened the lieutenant even more. "Don't know why I camp up here in the first place," he muttered as he walked off. "I certainly wasn't appreciated."

THERE didn't seem much else happening, so I said good-bye to the sergeant and walked back to the battalion CP. The burial party had returned and there were seven graves by the side of the house. One of the Kiwis I had talked with before was sitting on the ground, writing names on white crosses. He had already finished two names. I went up and looked at them and saw that one was the name of my friend Owen, the small assistant cook who had told me to watch out for Gillon's tohera recipe. I said to the Kiwi that it was a shame about Owen. "Yes," he said. "It's a shame about all of them. After Greece and Crete and the desert—." He didn't finish the sentence. From the cellar of the house came a loud, raucous New Zealand song. "Hamlet's men must have found a keg of *vino* somewhere," the Kiwi said. He explained that was the name they gave their burial parties. "I wish they would either give up the *vino* or the singing," he said. "It sounds awful when you put them together."

That night the Kiwis took Hill 373. They moved up the steep underbrush in the face of heavy mortar fire and finally reached the summit, where they found their friends, the German paratroopers. They went to work on the paratroopers with knives, bayonets and hands, and mopped them up and kicked them off the hill. Then they dug in and licked their wounds, and Holy Joe and Hamlet's men buried some more dead. As they sat in their foxholes, waiting for the rest of the division to catch up with them, one of the Kiwis said there wouldn't be a decent drink left in Italy by the time they finished with the country.

"No matter, chum," a friend of his said. "At least we're one bloody hill closer to New Zealand."

Still in range of enemy fire, this tank stops behind its CP.

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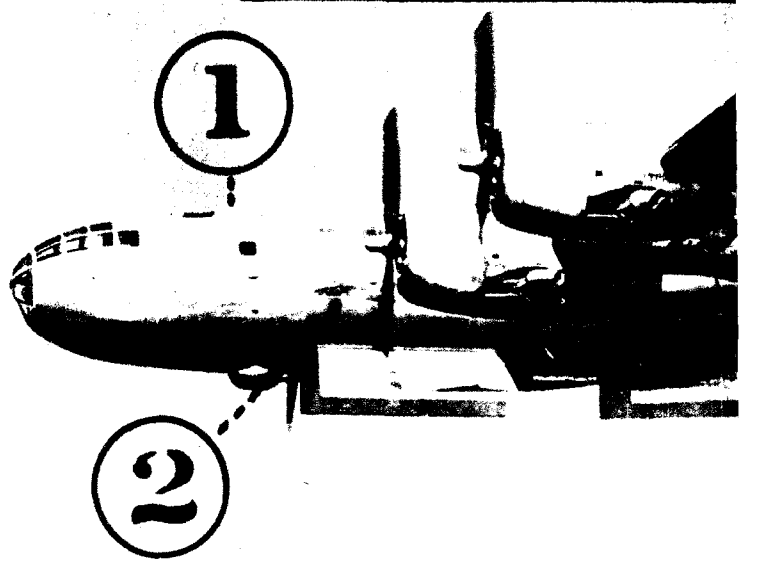
This young girl of Toulon doesn't like Nazis. She's too well bred to give this captured German all she thinks he deserves, but a swift kick lets off some of her steam.



An uncensored view of the B-29 Superfortress shows for the first time its five multiple-gun, remote-controlled turrets.

ALL YOURS. The sign held by shapely Peggy Lyons, USO entertainer in the South Pacific, has been blanked out purposely so you can fill it in with your own gag.

When the Infantry moved into Noemfor Island, they found that water transportation would save them time and trouble. This captured Jap barge was made into a ferry and runs regular trips.

UNCLEAN SOMETHING. This Chinese GI, on guard at the Salween River in Burma, has done some experimenting on his issue rifle.

GI RUBE GOLDBERG. In Southwest Pacific, Cpl. Abram Warner whipped up a motorboat from a salvaged belly tank, old pipe and a one-cylinder motor.

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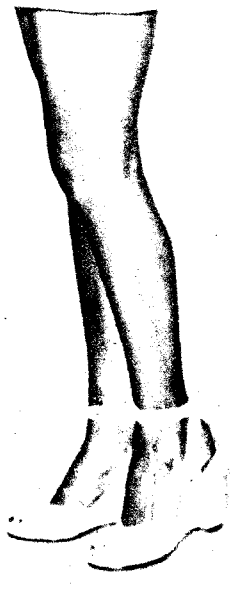
This system makes possible an instantaneous and heavy concentration of firepower on any enemy threat approaching from any direction.

Railroading GIs bunking at Camp Atterbury, Iran, have this homey baseball scoreboard. PX gripes get taken for a ride in the cigarette and razor-blade ads.

MESS TRENCH. To protect themselves from strafing by the Luftwaffe, Ninth Air Force GIs in France get their chow served from a tent-covered underground kitchen and form their chow line in a trench.

GOING NATIVE. Pfc. Floyd Schmidt and Sgt. Carlton H. Burnham wheel along an Italian road in the latest in non-Government-issue headgear.

Prince, the cat being held by its mistress, was buried for 27 days in debris caused by a buzz bomb somewhere in England.



If only all MPs were like Republic's movie starlet Helen Talbot. If only all MPs were like Helen Talbot. If only all MPs were like Helen Talbot.

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MAIL CALL

Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

We recently had one of those Army lectures where in order to be excused from attending you need a personal request from the President. One of the subjects was mustering-out pay and here are the provisions as we received them: A man who serves for less than 60 days gets $100 more than 60 days $200 and overseas $300.

Compare the amount paid the man who has been in service for five years, two years of them overseas, and the amount paid the chap who is inducted a short while before the war ends and has just 61 days to his name. Is it at all fair that there should be only a $100 difference, especially if the recruit has been piling up money as a defense worker prior to his induction?

China —Pfc. ARTHUR C. EBERLE*

*Also signed by T/Sgt. Lawrence R. Lessett, and Sgts. Edward Stack, George T. Cord Jr., Lorah Fox.

Dear YANK:

I agree wholeheartedly with Sgt. Walter Hyde's progressive suggestion [in a letter to YANK] concerning an increase in mustering-out pay. By all means a man who has served overseas deserves every bit (and perhaps more) of $100 for each six months and $100 for each battle star. . . . I would also urge rehabilitation and pensions for wounded and disabled soldiers.

Camp McCain, Miss. —Pvt. HARRY HYDE Jr.

Dear YANK:

I think it's a great idea, as one soldier writing to YANK suggested, to give GIs who prefer them jeeps instead of mustering-out pay. That would permit GIs to get jeeps before civilians, for them to use on farms, in business or to drive to work. And it would save the Government millions of dollars.

Avon Park Bomber Base, Fla. —Pvt. A. K. MARX

Dear YANK:

. . . Since we can't seem to decide what to do with our surplus war material and since the mustering-out pay presents such a problem, it seems to me that servicemen should get it as mustering-out pay in addition to the pay already provided.

MacDill Field, Fla. —Pvt. HAROLD BANTA

Double Time

Dear YANK:

We have read about the GI Bill of Rights, educational benefits, money to be loaned to veterans and mustering-out pay. But what about the veterans who enlisted in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps before the war for a career? What are we going to get that will be equal to all the benefits that the emergency GI will get?

Looks like to me any person in the service before Dec. 7, 1941, should have his time counted as double for longevity, for shipping into the Fleet Reserve and for 30 years retirement. It should be optional in this way: each man in service before the war should have his choice of accepting the same mustering-out pay as the emergency GI or accepting the double-time deal.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —RAY H. COOPER CPO, USN

Helmet Fastener

Dear YANK:

We're just a mob of bitchin', rifle-totin', mud-covered gravel-agitators who would like to know what simple-minded sad-sacking jackal thought up the "Helmet Fastener T1 for Helmet M1." We don't mind dodging 88s or side-stepping Tiger tanks or closing our eyes and holding our noses when we drink the liquid out of a cow track, but when some lame brain spends our War Bond money for such unnecessary brush-catching, neck-chafing junk, it's too much. Why should the helmet M1 be strapped to our mosquito-bitten heads?

Italy —(Name Withheld)

Escaped Prisoners

Dear YANK:

I notice the Government has a service ribbon for every theater of war or campaign. Why haven't they got a ribbon for prisoners of war who have been captured and escaped? They really deserve one.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pvt. DALE CORLOCK

25-Day Work Year

Dear YANK:

I have devised a little scheme that will, I am sure, provide post-war employment and, I may add, a very nice income for perhaps thousands of GIs. The only investment necessary is 25 days of labor a year. The little job that is going to provide this boon to returning soldiers is Christmas-tree decorating.

Here is the way it works. Between Dec. 1 and Dec. 15, you go around and contact your customers. That gives you 10 days to do the actual work. At 18 hours a day you will have 180 working hours. With plenty of practice you should be able to decorate a tree in a half-hour's time. That would allow you to decorate 360 trees in the 10-day period. At $20 a tree (which, as an expert, you will charge your customers), you will make $7,200.

To be able to finish 36 trees a day, you must make the customer understand that just as soon as you are finished he must pay you off. A good idea would be to have him stand at the door with the 20 in his hand and you could grab it on the run as you leave. Having your customers in one of these oversized apartment houses would cut down traveling time between jobs.

Me, I'm going to run a school in The Art of Christmas Tree Decorating in 13 weeks. This basic-training program will have a week of cali-jumpics to develop agility in climbing up and down ladders and rushing around to get your work done, a week of lessons in kissing babies, three weeks of developing sales appeal and eight weeks' instructions in how to dress the tree and make the damn electric lights work.

China —S/Sgt. PAT D. BORRELLI

Lublin

Dear YANK:

Never before have I ever read anything quite so forceful and attention-compelling as your editorial "Have You Ever Heard of Lublin?" I hope you will continue to print such accounts so that we may be continually reminded of the depraved beasts whose extermination we must achieve completely before we can say this war is really won.

Allentown, Pa. —Pvt. EDWARD J. BROSIUS

Dear YANK:

Your editorial "Have You Ever Heard of Lublin?" should be read to every GI at his next orientation hour and then posted as a permanent part of the organization's bulletin board. Perhaps it will awaken our soldiers as to why we fight.

Fort Jackson, S. C. —T/Sgt. FRANK ZUPNICK

Trained Under Fire

Dear YANK:

In reference to your article concerning the need of medics as officer candidates for the Medical Administration Corps, we members of a portable surgical hospital who have gone through the Burma campaign under the most adverse conditions submit our viewpoints.

Each member of our unit has had from one to two years of specialized training, having been graduated from the Army Medical Center, Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Lawson General Hospital, O'Reilly General Hospital, etc., as male nurses and medical and surgical technicians. Here is a reserve of trained personnel who can perform and exceed the duties listed in the article—a unit which under its present officers has had added extensive and valuable training in first aid and definitive treatment. Why not give a break to trained medical soldiers who have gone through combat, risking their lives, instead of green soldiers who have not had this experience?

India —Personnel, Portable Surgical Hospital

Maximum Punishment

Dear YANK:

There have been several statements made by the Germans that they are fighting a clean war and that the Allies are taking advantage of their good nature. Actually this is just the opposite. Take their flying bombs, for instance. They are positively no good against troop concentrations and rarely do much damage to military objects. Most of their damage has resulted in the killing of women and defenseless children. This alone is enough to sign the death warrant of all high-ranking German military officials.

My idea is that U. S. turn over all these officials either to England or Russia and let them try them in their own courts. Then we could all rest assured that these criminals would get what's coming to them.

Italy —Pfc. MIKE MOFFO

Bully Beef

Dear YANK:

In response to Cpl. John Barr's letter in YANK, wanting to know why GIs in New Guinea were griping, we haven't got much reason. We get bully beef three times a day, four if we grab a little snack on the side, but we aren't griping about that. We want one of those horrible steaks which he is tired of and can hardly stand the smell of. For my part I think he is in the same shape as the guy we had who tried to get blueprints from the major to build a ship big enough to win the war in one day. Steaks in New Guinea? Give him a Section 8; he sure needs one.

New Guinea —Cpl. TOM T. O'HARA*

*Also signed by Pvt. S. S. Fisher and Pfc. Jesse Parker.

Dear YANK:

I have read the article written by Cpl. John Barr, and it may be a joke as far as he is concerned but it is not a joke to the men who are stationed here in New Guinea. Cpl. Barr said he did not think there was any such thing as bully beef. We eat bully beef two meals a day and if a steak came within 500 miles of this place there would be a riot.

I work from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night and days off duty are something we hear about. We have the company of other GIs who are griping a lot and our other company are mosquitoes, centipedes and other insects by the thousands. We sleep on Army cots, two blankets, no pillows, no sheets, no mattresses and practically no bed. We shave and shower in cold water and drink warm water saturated with chlorine. We have to take atabrine every day to keep the symptoms of malaria down to a minimum to continue our duties. Fresh eggs and fresh milk are something we do not even hear about in rumors.

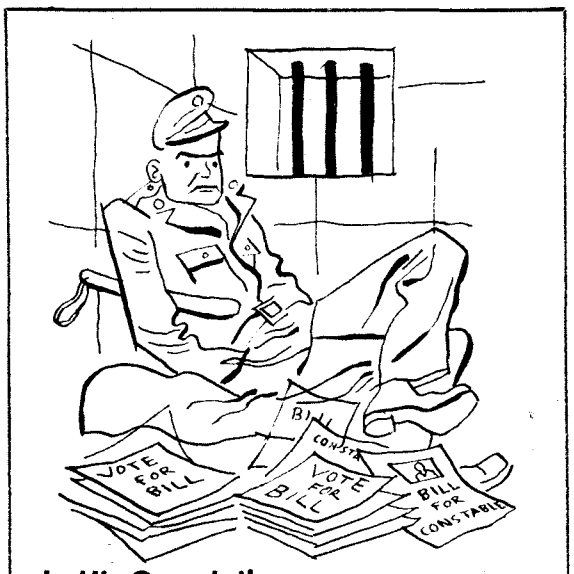
New Guinea —Cpl. W. R. MARTIN

Believe It or Not

Dear YANK:

I am sure that other GIs will be surprised to hear that officers at this base actually put themselves on KP and joked about it. It happened this way: they told the cooks that if they ever got any mashed potatoes without lumps, they would do KP. The cooks of our battery pitched in and lo and behold—mashed potatoes with no lumps. The result: officers on KP with sheepish grins. Boy, did we love it!

Alaska —T-5 APCHIE CHAVEZ



In His Own Jail

Dear YANK:

Here is one for the books. Recently my friend, William L. Bowers Jr., asked his CO for a three-day pass. Being turned down, he went AWOL and while he was at his home in Tennessee, they held an election. He decided to run for constable and was elected. He then made bond and was sworn in. Two days later the constable was in his own jail. Picked up by MPs, he is now doing six months in the divisional stockade at Camp Butner, N. C. Bowers wants to know how they can do that to a constable.

Camp Butner, N. C. —Pvt. FRED SCHUPSKY

Disenfranchised

Dear YANK:

I am sore because I cannot vote. I am well over 21, am a draftee, and have committed no crime. I am a life-long resident of Washington, D. C. There are probably 50,000 to 100,000 other capitalites in the armed forces who, like me, can't vote because the Constitution forbids it. Now that every voter in the forces is being repeatedly urged to exercise his "right to vote for which we are fighting," I am beginning to feel like the 18-year-olds who are "old enough to fight but not old enough to vote." It is probably too near election time to try to take any action, but I sure would like to vote in the national elections. I have been advised that I cannot establish residence in the state in which I am stationed, even though my wife (also a D. C. native) can.

Fort Sill, Okla. — Pvt. MAURICE S. ULLMAN

Morale Booster

Dear YANK:

After 32 months overseas and 32 more staring me in the face, I was wondering if you could use your influence with the authorities in Washington to put over an idea that would be the biggest morale booster to married men in the Pacific anyone could imagine.

This November I will celebrate my fourth wedding anniversary—alone, of course, as I have done the former three. I have a son that I have never seen, him making his beachhead in this world the same day I made mine in New Caledonia, Mar. 12, 1942. There are scores of men in the same fix I am.

Being as we hold no hope of returning to the "old country," would it be possible for you to induce the Quartermaster to issue some type of collapsible hut suitable for family use? If we men could have our wives over here with us, we wouldn't bother to think about rotation. They could live with us in our huts and when we go into combat, they could join us as soon as the place is secure and the movies set up.

The single men could get their huts and send for their prospective wives and the chaplain could marry them upon arrival. Why not? We just read in a three-month-old newspaper that 2,000 New Zealand wives of American soldiers were shipped back to the States to their husband's people.

I can truthfully swear that my wife would be tickled pink to come over here to the beautiful, romantic land of enchantment and help me fight the rest of the war, and I'm positive there are lots of other wives that would jump at the chance.

Green Island —S/Sgt. E. S. McGAUGHEY

Blue Law

Dear YANK:

I wish to bring to the attention of YANK readers the anti-petting law of Little Rock, Ark., which forbids a serviceman to walk down the street hand in hand with his sweetheart. The law also applies to a married man and his wife. If his wife comes to see him he may say "Hello, dear," but he must not kiss his wife or he will be violating the law. This law is strictly enforced both by the MPs and civilian police.

Camp Robinson, Ark. —Pvt. DANIEL R. WUESCHINSKI

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Hell Breaks Loose IN HEADQUARTERS

By Cpl. MALCOLM B. FOSTER

THE big day in our office was when Jim Merrison went on strike.

Jim was a pfc with an MOS number of 224, which meant that he could operate any type of hand-operated stapling machine. He was pretty good, too; he could staple 120 a minute, which is 25 more a minute than the Army requires. He had one handicap, though; he was temperamental. He hated strong language and when the sergeant major would yell for him, he would become very sullen and threaten to stop stapling.

One rainy Monday morning, after a very fast week end, Jim was stapling a little off his usual speed. Finally he started stapling three sheets two times when he was supposed to be stapling two sheets three times. The sergeant major was very angry and shouted that Jim was incompetent and some things that were even worse. The stapling machine hit the table with a thud and Jim informed the sergeant major that no more papers would be stapled that day.

This was indeed a difficult situation. No other man had an MOS of 224 and there were many papers to be stapled. At first the office tried to joke about it. The S-1 sergeant asked Jim to do some stapling, but Jim said no. The S-3 sergeant and the S-4 sergeant also asked him for stapling, but he still said no.

"Just ignore him," said the sergeant major. "He'll come back when he sees we don't need him."

So the office continued with the business at hand. Col. Filbert, the CO, walked over to Maj. Buckton, the executive officer, and remarked that his jeep had to go in for repairs. The roof leaked, he said, and should be removed for repairs. Cpl. Williams was instructed to write out a request for repair. This was to be done on two sheets, the first requesting that repairs be made, the second listing the repairs.

No sooner had the colonel returned to his room than Capt. Anne Matterson, CO of the WAC detachment, marched in and asked that the new WAC quarters be prepared. She requested a full-length mirror, shower curtains and shades for the side windows. Cpl. Rasmussen was assigned to this task, to be done in the same manner as Cpl. Williams' request.

Cpl. Williams finished first and laid the sheets on Jim's desk for stapling, but Jim just looked at them and returned to the book he had borrowed from the service-club library. Cpl. Rasmussen finished and added his to the pile. Jim didn't even glance up this time. A few minutes later, as Col. Filbert left the office, a playful breeze whipped the papers across the floor. With a loud expletive and surprising agility, the sergeant major leaped from his chair and pursued the fluttering sheets. Placing them back in pairs, he handed them to T-5 Newhouse, the driver, and instructed him to deliver them to the proper persons.

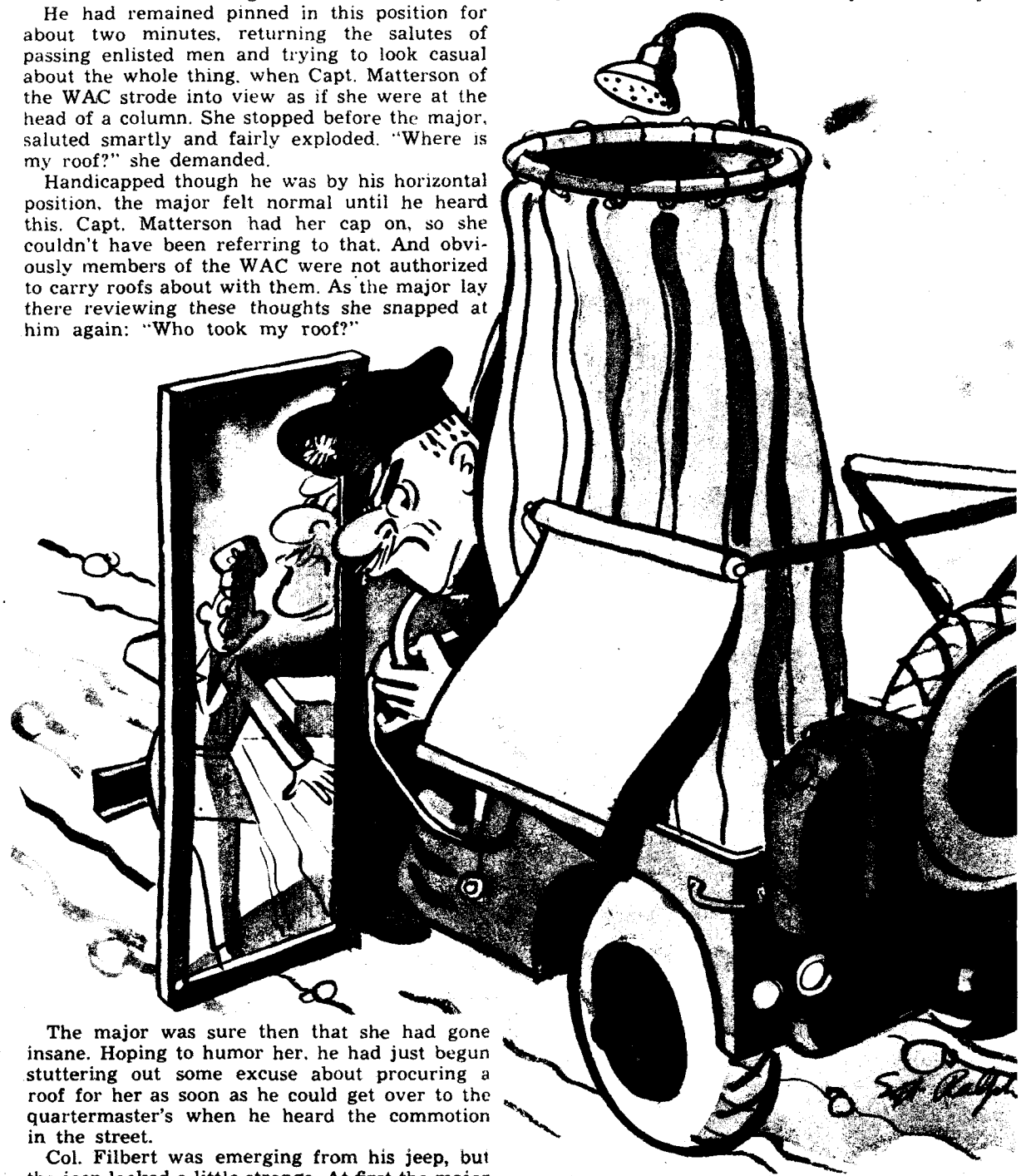
The day wore on. Papers piled up, but still Jim read his book and refused to staple. The sergeant major tried rubber bands, but they broke. The S-1 sergeant tried paper clips, but they came off. The S-3 tried bending the corners, but they came loose. The S-4 sergeant, as a last resort, tried thumb tacks, but the man in the message center refused to take them.

ABOUT 1400 Col. Filbert called up from QMC and told Maj. Buckton to send the jeep for him. Maj. Buckton called the motor pool to learn whether the repairs had been made. They had, so he instructed the driver to pick up the colonel.

A few minutes later the sergeant major brought in a status-of-equipment report, nine pages long and in quadruplicate. The major sat down at his desk and began to check it carefully when another breeze whipped through the place. The papers flew like confetti with the major full on the trail. All but one was regained and tucked under the 37-mm shell the major used as a paperweight. The major glanced out the window and saw the nal sheet nestling on the hedge. The major reached way out, grasped the sheet and then uttered a very unmajorly yell as the window slammed down and caught him across the waist.

He had remained pinned in this position for about two minutes, returning the salutes of passing enlisted men and trying to look casual about the whole thing, when Capt. Matterson of the WAC strode into view as if she were at the head of a column. She stopped before the major, saluted smartly and fairly exploded. "Where is my roof?" she demanded.

Handicapped though he was by his horizontal position, the major felt normal until he heard this. Capt. Matterson had her cap on, so she couldn't have been referring to that. And obviously members of the WAC were not authorized to carry roofs about with them. As the major lay there reviewing these thoughts she snapped at him again: "Who took my roof?"



The major was sure then that she had gone insane. Hoping to humor her, he had just begun stuttering out some excuse about procuring a roof for her as soon as he could get over to the quartermaster's when he heard the commotion in the street.

Col. Filbert was emerging from his jeep, but the jeep looked a little strange. At first the major thought the colonel was returning from a parade. On the left side of the jeep, where the rear-view mirror had previously hung, was fastened a full length mirror, standing straight out at right angles to the jeep. About the driver's seat was draped a shower curtain and there were window shades hung from the roof supports on the sides.

The major was stunned but he retained his presence of mind and saluted the colonel smartly. Noting the fire in the colonel's eye, the major attempted to withdraw, but his middle was firmly stuck in the window.

Capt. Matterson returned to her original theme: "Where is my roof?" The colonel, who was more practiced in holding his own in a discussion, proceeded to drown out her complaint with his own cutting remarks. For over a year, he said, his driver had been able to see the road behind with a small mirror. Why now this big one? And did the driver need so much privacy while driving that shower curtains had to be installed? "Curtains!" he roared until he was winded.

When he paused the captain came back with "Where is my roof?" This time the colonel noticed her. "Captain," he roared, "when I'm stuck with a circus wagon like this, it is no time to talk about roofs!"

During the entire conversation Maj. Buckton continued returning salutes from passing men and trying to look nonchalant. It was a problem and a puzzle—first this lady wanting a roof and now the colonel with a full-length mirror on his jeep. The major decided it was just one of his bad days, so what the hell.

Pfc. Jim Merrison, who happened to stroll into the major's office just then in search of a new book, saw the odd sight and opened the window to ask if he could help. Unprepared for the sudden loss of pressure, the major slid neatly and silently out into the rather unfriendly branches of the hedge. Instantly returning to a vertical position, he suggested to Pfc. Merrison that their conversation be continued on the inside.

THE error was soon discovered. When the work orders had been blown about the first time, the sergeant major had matched them up wrong. As a result, the jeep repairs had been made on the barracks and the barracks repairs on the jeep.

When Jim was called in and told the whole story, he said he was sorry and that he hadn't realized that he would cause so much trouble. The sergeant major also heard the story and said he was sorry. They agreed to be friends again and Jim said he'd return to his stapling machine. The sergeant major promised to be more careful of his language and Jim more careful of his work.

The jeep was sent back to have the mirror, the shower curtains and the shades removed. The barracks had its roof replaced. The captain went back to drill her Wacs. The major began to check his report again. Jim began to staple and the sergeant major asked him if he would please do the first ones over, stapling two sheets three times and not three sheets two times. Jim said he would be very glad to.

The colonel picked up the book which Jim had borrowed from the service club library and began reading it. Everything was back to normal.

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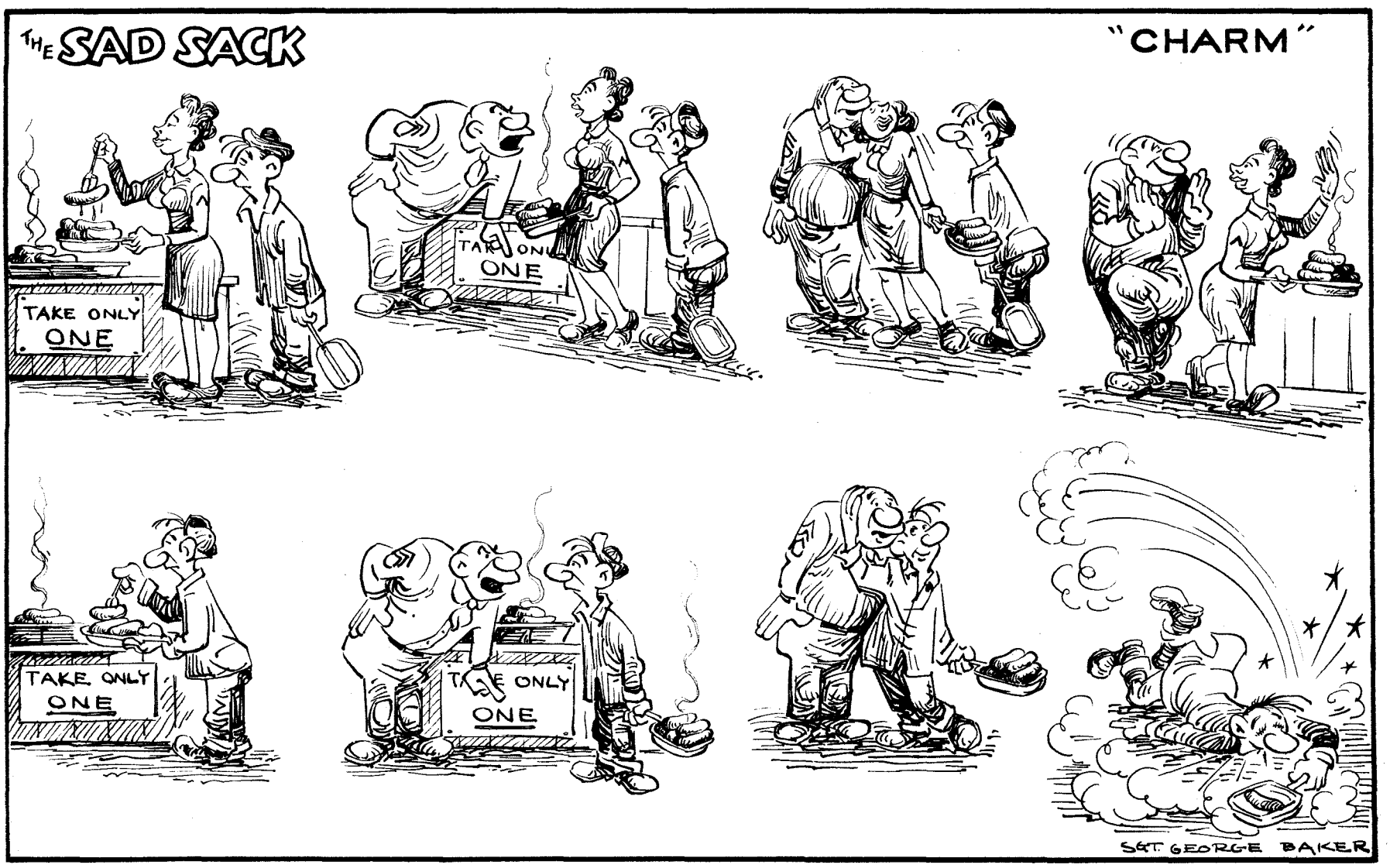


What's Your Problem?

Record of Desertion

Dear YANK:

I deserted the Army 20 years ago. Last year I was drafted, and they very quickly discovered my past record and threw me into the stockade. In a short while I was released, given my training and shipped over here. Now I have been hearing that, no matter what happens, I will get a blue discharge (without honor) when I get out of the Army. Is it a fact that all former deserters must get blue discharges?

Bougainville —Pvt. EDWARD G. JOHNSON

■ No. A man with a record of desertion in a prior enlistment, serving with the Army's full knowledge of that record, will get whatever type of discharge his present service merits. If your present service is honorable you will receive an honorable discharge.

Letters of Recommendation

Dear YANK:

Recently I applied for Infantry OCS but I was told that I would have to submit three letters of recommendation in order to have my application approved. I don't think that is fair when by this time everyone I know is in uniform. How much attention do you think they will pay to letters signed by other enlisted men? Do I have to have such letters?

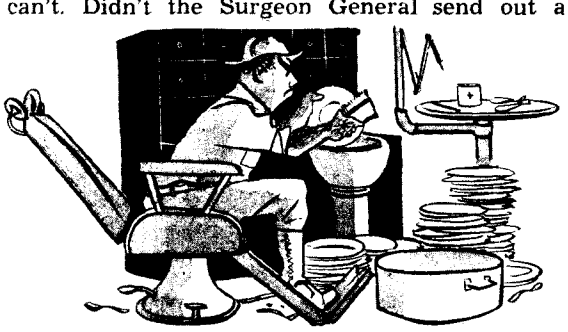
Camp Swift, Tex. —Sgt. ARNOLD THOMAS

■ No. Letters of recommendation for OCS are not required by present regulations. In fact a recent circular states that they are considered unnecessary and undesirable [*WD Cir. 319 (1 Aug. 1944)*].

Medics on KP

Dear YANK:

For the last week I have been either on KP or latrine duty. I am a skilled specialist, a dental assistant, and I have tried to prove that medics are not supposed to be put on such details, but I can't. Didn't the Surgeon General send out a letter saying we were not to be put on guard duty, KP or latrine-orderly duty?



New Caledonia —Pfc. HOWARD JACKSON

■ Sorry, but it isn't so. No order has been issued by the Office of the Surgeon General exempting enlisted men in the Medical Corps from such duties.

Mother in Poland

Dear YANK:

My mother is somewhere in German-occupied Poland. While I have not heard from her for over two years, I feel sure that she is alive. A year ago I applied for a family allowance on her behalf and $22 has been taken out of my pay each month since then. So far I have heard nothing to indicate whether the allotment was approved or where the money is going. Can you set me straight on this?

Marshall Islands —Cpl. WLADISLAW DUMBROWSKI

■ The Office of Dependency Benefits is sending your mother's allotment check to the Treasury Department each month. All payments for dependents in enemy-occupied territory are held by the Treasury until the territory is freed. At that time the accumulated checks will be sent to your mother.

GI Bill of Rights

Dear YANK:

Where do Regular Army men come in under the GI Bill of Rights? I have been told that only those who signed up or were drafted after Selective Service went into effect can get any of the benefits of the law. I, for one, enlisted in July 1940 because I knew the law would be passed and because I didn't have the money to pay even a small part of my tuition at college. Now it looks like I cheated myself out of a free education by getting in too early. Is that right?

Italy —T/Sgt. ELLIS P. MOORE

■ No. You are wrong in your interpretation of the qualifying provisions of the law. To take advantage of the benefits of the law, a veteran need only show that he was in active service at any time on or after Sept. 16, 1940, and prior to the end of the war.

Wife Trouble

Dear YANK:

I've been married for 15 months and now we have a baby boy a month old. While I was home on furlough, just before shipping over here, my wife and I never spoke to one another very much. When we did speak, we argued. She told me she wanted me to have my insurance all in her name. She said she would never write to me if I didn't have it changed in her favor. She also said, "All I want from you is the 50 bucks a month and when that's gone, you can go, too." So, when she demanded the insurance, I naturally said "No."

I love my son and I feel I have a right to know how he is. If she doesn't write to me, how will I know if he is all right? Another thing, she said she wouldn't live with me after the war. Do I have grounds for divorce?

Britain —Pvt. LEM R. WILEY

■ In some states your wife's refusal to cohabit with you would constitute grounds for separation or divorce. It might also be possible for you to obtain the custody of your son, or to have him placed in the custody of some person who would keep you informed of his welfare. However, this would depend on the law of your home state and the views of the court that had jurisdiction of the case. Your Legal Assistance officer can give you complete information about the laws that apply to your case.

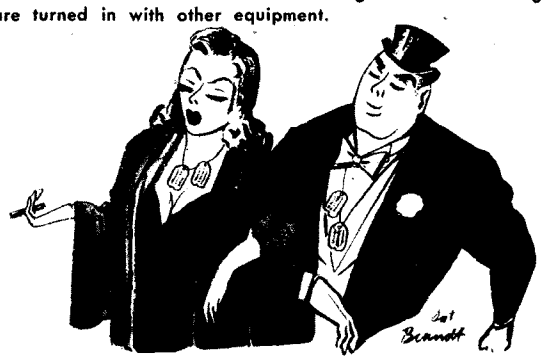
Dog Tags

Dear YANK:

I have been wearing my dog tags so long I really think I would feel naked without them. In fact, I think such a means of identification could be used even in civilian life. Can we keep our dog tags when we are discharged from service?

India —Pvt. PAUL WILLIAMS

■ You cannot. At the time of discharge identification tags are turned in with other equipment.



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GUILTY AS HELL

REMEMBER this man: Capt. Otto Landhauser.

Capt. Landhauser is a native of Innsbruck, Austria. Before the war he was a professor at Bonn University in Germany. In recent years he has been commandant of the Nazi concentration camp at Vittel in France.

Sgt. Saul Levitt, YANK Staff Correspondent, visited Vittel recently and cabled back a report on Capt. Landhauser. The town of Vittel, **which is in the Vosges region of France, was a vacation spot, something like White Sulphur Springs. It used to be a luxurious summer resort whose mineral waters attracted thousands of visitors.** After the fall of **France the Germans took over seven of its most modern hotels, several acres of parks and a theater. Here they set up** the nicest, cleanest, **prettiest concentration camp in all of Hitler's Europe; and at its head served Capt. Otto Landhauser, the former professor.**

Capt. Landhauser was a good jailer, as jailers go, and for a Nazi jailer he was amazingly humane. There were 2,000 antifascists at Vittel, **and Landhauser allowed them opportunities for education and recreation. They were fed equally, regardless of religion. They were even permitted a Jewish doctor, one Capt. Levy of the French Army, who was a prisoner—or rather, guest—at Vittel. Several times a week photographers from Dr. Goebbel's office visited the camp and took pictures of the comfortable lay-out and the healthy internees, and these pictures appeared in newspapers in Stockholm and Lisbon and Buenos Aires to show people the humane, the gentle, the wronged Germans. And Capt. Landhauser was different from ordinary Nazi jailers in other ways. There were no atrocities at Vittel by his order. If there were necessary whippings behind the scenes, out of earshot, they were done informally by a Gestapo man named Servai, over whom, of course, Capt. Landhauser had no control. Even the children of Vittel could play**

[illegible] *Landhauser was a model Nazi.*

Remember him. Remember the camp and remember the captain. There was a reason for Vittel, a reason for the kindness of Capt. Landhauser. Two thousand well-fed antifascists hid four million slaughtered Poles. There was only one Vittel. There were hundreds of Lublins. Vittel was the respectable front and Capt. Otto Landhauser was the "good" German. He never gave an order to kill anyone. He never tortured or looted or raped. What can he be tried for—being a German? Carrying out orders? Living his life?

The man is guilty.

He is dangerous. He is the front man, the hypocrite, the accessory after the fact; he is as crooked and loathsome as the rest of them. And he is not alone. They are all coming out of the woodwork now: the Nazis who did not know what they were doing, the collaborationists who did not know they were collaborating. Their excuses are easy and convincing, and some of them weren't even in as far as Capt. Landhauser. The big industrialist lets the Germans build tanks in his factories—so that he can sabotage them better. The famous doctor serves only man and is above politics. The champion athlete refuses to perform in Germany but welcomes Germans to his bar; that is simply business. The editor continues to publish Dr. Goebbels' news because there has to be some news; people have to be informed.

These are people to watch. It is easy enough to spot the rabid fascists, but watch out for these birds. They're the slippery ones. They never did anything; it wasn't their responsibility. They were only trying to make a living. And if we believe them, if we let them get away with it this time, they will continue to make their living—and then, like Capt. Landhauser, they will serve again.

STRICTLY G.I.

Surplus Property

PRESIDENT Roosevelt has signed the Surplus Property Disposal Bill, which gives war veterans preference in acquiring surplus Government property to be used in establishing and maintaining small businesses and professional or agricultural enterprises. The bill also gives discharged servicemen a preference in buying surplus Government real estate for agricultural, residential or small-business purposes. The details will be worked out by a board of administrators.

Fourteenth Air Force

Between Mar. 10, 1943, and Aug. 31, 1944, the Fourteenth Air Force sank 549,139 tons of Japanese shipping, probably sank 177,450 tons and damaged 357,000 tons. Averages for June, July and August of this year show that the Fourteenth sank or probably sank 482 tons for each ton of bombs used against Japanese shipping. On one day—Sept. 19, 1944—the Fourteenth sank six Japanese vessels totaling 12,500 tons. These included two 250-foot tankers, three 250-foot freighters and one 400-foot freighter.

Keystone Division

Back on the Western Front after 26 years, Pennsylvania's 28th (Keystone) Division is now in action along the Siegfried Line. In the last war this National Guard outfit fought at the Marne and in the Argonne. Federalized again in 1942, the division took part in the Carolina maneuvers and was stationed in five Southern states before shipping overseas.

Gonorrhea Experiments

Sixty-four out of 65 men suffering from gonorrhea were cured by single injections of penicillin in experiments carried out by Capt. Monroe R. Romansky and T-4 George E. Rittman of Walter Reed General Hospital. The effectiveness of the drug was increased by suspending particles of it in a mixture of peanut oil and beeswax, which enabled the body to retain the penicillin longer and made possible a substantial reduction in the dosage required. The Office of the Surgeon General predicted the experiments would prove equally valuable in treating other diseases.

The Women

Women enlisting in the WAC after Oct. 31 will no longer be able to pick their stations and assignments. The WD has withdrawn the privilege because it needs greater flexibility in assigning Wacs. . . . The Armed Forces Institute has added courses in homemaking to its curriculum "for the benefit of Wacs preparing for this postwar role." . . . Wacs serving in the China-Burma-India Theater wear the new off-duty dress as duty uniform. They are authorized also to wear slacks at night for protection against mosquitoes. . . . About 1,800 Wacs are in the Mediterranean area, most of them in Italy. Almost 30 percent of them are working in communications, 32 percent are in clerical work, 16 percent in stenographic or secretarial work, 10 percent in headquarters of "housekeeping" units and the rest in any of 34 other types of duty.

GI Shop Talk

The Information and Education Division has prepared pocket guides for Paris and cities of northern France, for cities of southern France and for Italian cities. The division's two latest language guides give basic instruction in spoken Icelandic and Persian. . . . Pilots flying the Himalayas and the Ledo Pass at night are guided by transcriptions of Stateside radio programs. The daytime radio beam still uses a dot-dash signal. . . . Jap patrol leaders in New Guinea have worked out a new system for maintaining contact between members of night patrols. They mash the taillights of lightning bugs, smear the phosphorescent substance on their fingertips and wave to each other in the dark. . . . The Corps of Military Police, which recently celebrated its third anniversary as a separate service, now numbers 8,500 officers and 200,000 enlisted men. The Corps has suffered more than 500 casualties as a result of enemy action.

THE COMBAT JACKET now being worn in the European Theater of Operations in place of the service coat has been authorized for optional wear in the U. S. The jacket will not be issued to enlisted men in the continental U. S. for the time being, but men who have them already may wear them.

542d Postal Unit

YANK was in error in stating that the Fifth Army Plaque and Clasp have been awarded to the 532d Postal Unit in Italy. The postal unit which was decorated was the 542d.

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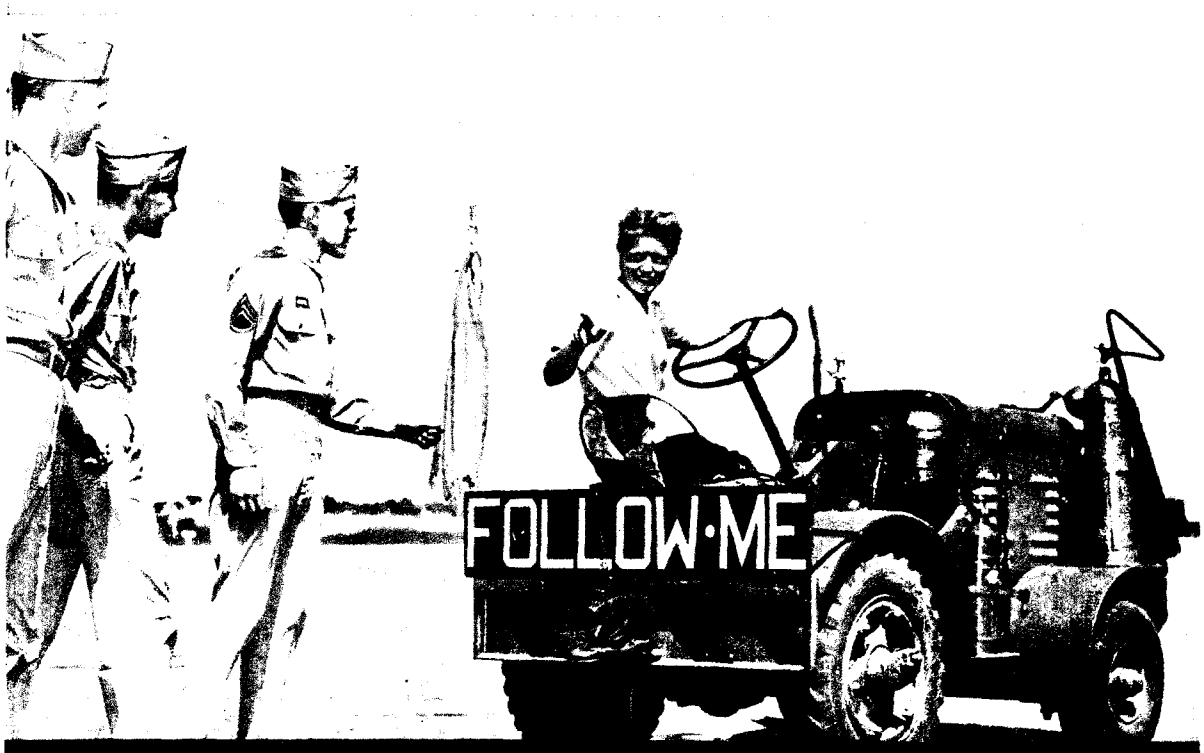
COME-ON CAR. The sign on the rear of the vehicle is supposed to guide other vehicles and planes, but when you put a package like Vivian (Trudy) Lornner in the driver's seat, these Civil Air Patrol cadets will follow with or without transportation. Trudy is a flight-line tug operator at Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.



Pvt. Umhofer and diet.

CAMP NEWS

Sight of Motor MPs Throttles Motorists

Baltimore, Md. — The appearance of the Third Service Command's new Military Police patrols on Maryland highways had one unexpected effect. It seemed to slow down civilian drivers, according to the boys riding the GI bikes.

While the MPs have no authority to stop civilians, the appearance of a policeman on a motorcycle, even a military policeman, obviously causes most motorists to ease up on the accelerator.

The Maryland outfit is the first such patrol in this section of the country and is considered more or less experimental. Hand-picked from the ranks for their soldierly qualities and civilian-police experience, they are under the direction of 1st Sgt. Michael Enright, formerly of the Boston Police Department.

A TOUGH EGG WON'T WAIT FOR THE PEPPER

Inglewood AAFBU, Calif.—Members of the permanent party were at breakfast and Sgt. Dewey C. Brown, a PT instructor from Georgia, walked to a table, sat himself and his tray down and gazed with delight upon a very lovely pair of eggs, fried sunny side up.

Spying the pepper shaker at the far end of the table, he requested in an Emily Postish tone that it be passed to him. But his tablemates, busily engaged in consuming their chow and batting the breeze, failed to heed him. In a voice usually reserved for hup-tupping the boys out to the athletic field, Brown repeated his request, but again no pepper.

Then, much to the astonishment of his tablemates, he leaped on top of the table, stood for a moment with hands on hips like a towering Gargantua glowering down on them and as niftily as a broken-field runner racing goalward made his way speedily to the other end of the table. He reached down and picked up the pepper shaker, did an about face and streaked back across the table. Then he leaped down, resumed his place and peppered his eggs.

"When Ah want the gahddam peppah for mah eggs," he exclaimed, "Ah ain't intendin' on waitin' on lonch till Ah git it!"

—Sgt. SHELBY B. FRIEDMAN

A Persistent Private Eats Way Into Paratroops

Camp Croft, S. C.—Pvt. Michael Umhofer's ambition was to float gracefully through the atmosphere as a paratrooper, but he found plenty of obstacles in the path to realization. Almost at the very beginning of his basic training he applied for transfer to the chutists, but the scales showed him to be 10 pounds under the required weight.

He embarked on a campaign to up his avoirdupois and soon endeared himself to his buddies in the 41st training battalion as a chowhound extraordinary. Then, after completing basic, he tried again for the paratroopers, only to find that he still lacked two pounds of the qualifying weight.

But Umhofer wasn't licked. He decided to be or not to be within the next half-hour. The resultant binge involved 10 bananas, several bottles of milk and almost a gallon of water. He not only gained the two pounds he was short but also tacked on an extra 4½ pounds. He's now entitled to wear the high boots of a paratrooper.

Courtship a Little Fishy

Fort Worth AAF, Tex.—As a civilian, Pvt. Earle E. Patterson always had fish on his mind. He was an active aquarist and had several thousand warm-water fish in dozens of unusual varieties. And he likes to compare their habits with those of human beings.

"Take the angel fish, or *pterophylum eimeki*, for instance," says Patterson. "We had several angel-fish couples, and when they had 50 to 200 offspring every six or eight weeks we allowed them to select their own mates. These were then sold as couples, because this type of fish believes in practicing monogamy.

"But it's a different story with the guppy, or *Lebistes reticulatus*. Yes sir, the guppy is a gay blade with lots of sweeties. However, he does have one commendable trait. He goes for mosquitoes in a big way, eating them by the hundreds."

Pvt. Patterson and his wife Yvonne worked together at the hobby. In fact, it was Yvonne who first stimulated Patterson's interest in the care and breeding of fish back home in Portland, Oreg.

"When I was courting Yvonne," he confesses with a twinkle, "instead of bringing her the usual candy and flowers, she preferred that I tuck a little box of mosquitoes under my arm. How her face would light up when I produced the box and threw the insects to her guppies."

Coca-Cola to Alabama

Fort McClellan, Ala.—Pfc. William Chapman of Shamokin, Pa., was somewhat puzzled when he opened a box from his wife and found a bottle of Coca-Cola carefully packed in cotton and gauze. Why Coca-Cola, he wondered, when Alabama is full of Coca-Cola?

Then it dawned on him. He had written his wife from a hospital in North Africa, telling her that he'd offered a nurse a dollar for just one coke. Mrs. Chapman had promptly mailed him one, but it didn't catch up with him until he reached Alabama, U. S. A.

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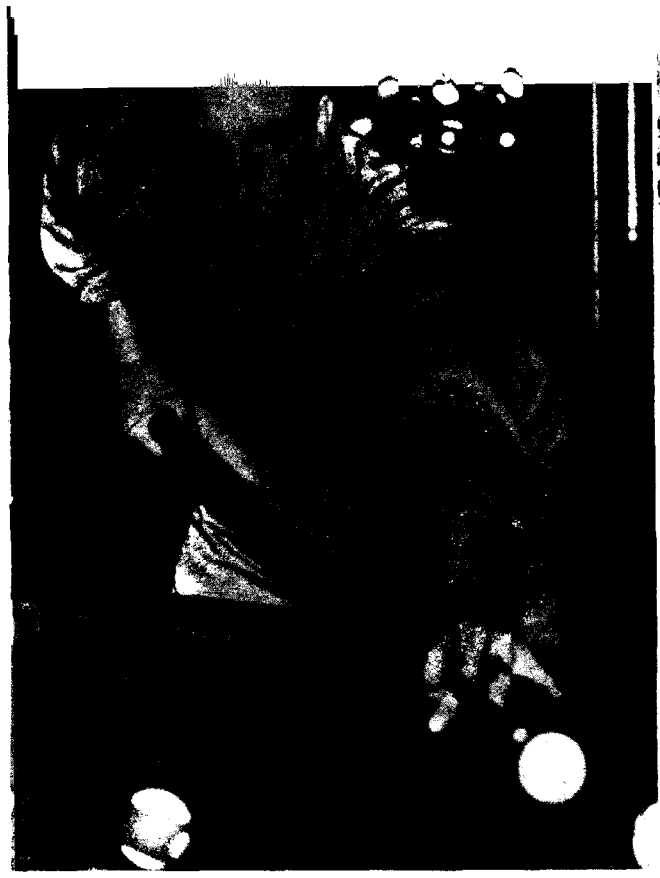

Cpl. Willis and cue.

Pvt. York and weapon.

At Table Tennis and Pool He's Played the Best

Fort Benning, Ga.—When Cpl. Donald E. Willis of Company B, 3d Infantry, beat Lennie Summers, the table-tennis champion of the post, he became the subject of much discussion.

"If you think the guy can play table tennis, wait until you see him shoot pool!" we were told.

So we dropped into the Company K day room one evening and watched him click off a run of 83, which should be close to an Army record.

"Not my best," Willis said when asked about it. And he told of a run of 115 he once made. Further questioning revealed that he has played pool or table tennis in 30 different states against the best professionals in both sports.

He has defeated such pool sharks as Edwin Rudolph and Ralph Greenleaf but admits that Willie Hoppe has always had his number. At table tennis, he has beaten Jimmy McClure and Sol Schiff, both former world's champions.

—Pfc. JOHN T. CRONIN

LEFT FOR THE SWEEPER

Red River Ordnance Depot, Tex.—Gigs have been given for many things, but here's one this post's WAC Detachment bulletin board carried:

"T-5 Alma Orsini. Area not policed well. Failed to pick up dollar bill." —Pvt. HESTER MILLER

A Son of Sgt. York Hopes To See Some Shooting

Camp Maxey, Tex.—Woodrow Wilson York, son of Sgt. Alvin O. York and a private in Company E of the 125th Infantry, doesn't figure on topping the record set by his dad in the first World War, but he'd like to see some of the shooting in this war before it ends.

He is one of five sons of the sergeant who became a part of history by his single-handed capture of 152 Germans. Though he is an inch shorter (6 feet 1) and 10 pounds lighter (170) than his father was in 1917, he looks very much the same as his father must have looked then, and he carries himself in the quietly confident and reserved way of the traditional Tennessean. He doesn't waste words; neither did his father.

"I asked him what the Army would be like," Woodrow says of a conversation with his father, "but the only answer he gave me was, 'You'll find out'."

He's been "finding out" since Mar. 19 of this year. He was inducted at Camp Shelby, Miss., took his basic at Camp Wolters, Tex., and has been in Company E since Aug. 23.

Before he became a GI, young York had his own farm at Wolf River, Tenn., which he refers to as "a sort of wide place in the road." Still at home are his wife and baby daughter.

Fox hunting was York's favorite sport, and he handles GI guns like a man who knows what to do with them. As a member of a rifle company he's now getting the polish that makes the foot soldier an expert. —S/Sgt. LEO ZINSER

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Champion safety driver here is a former Knoxville (Tenn.) cabbie. From September 1942, when he came here, until this report, T-4 Joseph Seymour has driven more than 125,000 miles with cars and trucks without ever scratching the paint, bending a fender or breaking a headlight.

Smoky Hill AAF, Kans.—It was hardly the place to hold a reunion, but Cpl. Sigo Mohr Jr. and Pvt. Bob Scroggins, classmates at the University of Georgia, met for the first time since their college days amid the pots and pans of KP. Arriving at the mess hall at 5 A.M. they were busily engaged in mopping-up operations when they recognized each other. Each had been at the Smoky Hill for some time but had not been aware of the presence of the other.

Texarkana OUTC, Tex.—M/Sgt. C. A. Harrison of headquarters detachment left recently on his first furlough in 16 years. He said he was going to visit a sister at Savannah, Tenn., who had wanted to see him "for some time."

Moore Field, Tex.—A CAP cadet shooting for record here consistly shot high above the target. "Aim a little lower," the instructor advised him, but the cadet still shot high. Trying again and again with no better results, he turned to the instructor and asked pleadingly: "Would you mind raising the target a little?"

Camp Roberts, Calif. — Cpl. Marion (Bunny) O'Brien, Wac reporter for the *Dispatch*, wrote a long wedding story. She raved on for paragraphs about a dress. She described the style of the church windows and the type of wood used in the pews and the altar. She gave a short biography of the chaplain, the names and home towns of the relatives and bridesmaids and a detailed description of the ceremony. She left out only one small item. She forgot to mention the bridegroom.

Hendricks Field, Fla.—S/Sgt. John J. (Mickey) McFadden of the personnel office has spent all his life—except four days in reception center—at an address that has had a Hendricks in it. He was born and lived all his civilian life at 40 Hendricks Street, Ambler, Pa., and he has been stationed at Hendricks Field for 30 months.

TRAPPED IN A SHOT LINE

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—On furlough from a Southern camp, Pvt. Sid Dubin visited Pfc. Bill Rabinowitz here. They had talked only a few minutes together when Bill said: "Hell, we've got to break this up; I've got to take immunization shots." Not wanting to interrupt the chat, Sid marched along with Bill and the rest of the formation.

At the Old Cantonment needlework room it took furlough papers, dog tags, two phone calls and 15 minutes of fast talking to get the GI guest away from one eager beaver with the hypodermic.

—S/Sgt. BERT BRILLER

MASTER AND MRS. At Camp Blanding, Fla., WAC Sgt. April C. Pickering sews an armful of stripes on her husband, M/Sgt. Harry J. Pickering. In this family, the man of the house holds the rank, at least according to ARs.

FANTASTIC FOXHOLE. The Service Club of Camp Adair, Oreg., boasts this moral mural by Pfc. Paul Dannheiser. The moral is don't dispossess a fox when you dig a foxhole—especially a fox with a nose like this little number.

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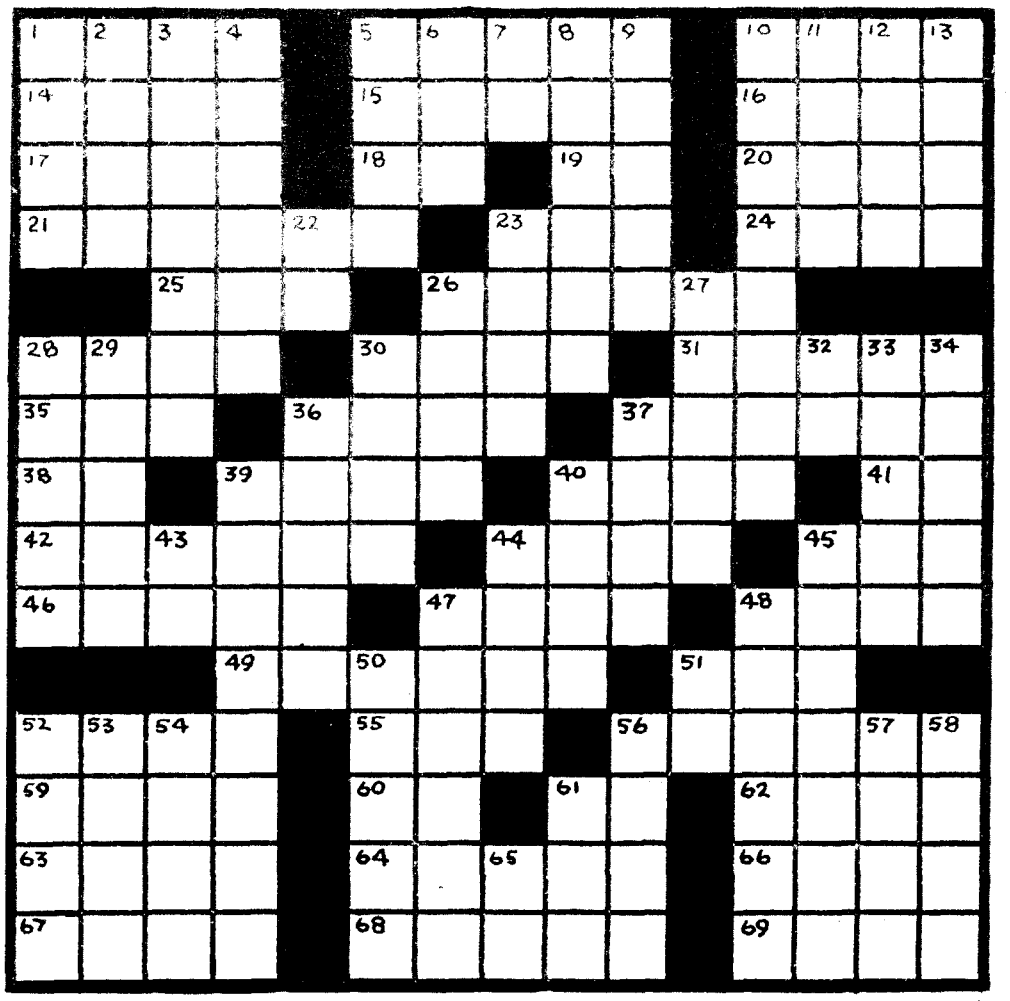
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. A sunk fence, wall or ditch
5. Skins
10. Competent
14. At another time
15. Tusk product
16. Nonchalant
17. Man's nickname
18. Bluegrass state
19. Knowing, wise (slang)
20. Bivalve mollusk
21. Read carefully
23. Fuss
24. Fishing poles
25. Man's name
26. Add raw alcohol to beer
28. Touch
30. The razzberry
31. Anesthetic
35. Rowing implement
36. Car
37. English essayist
38. Pronoun
39. Jap receptacle
40. Former N. Y. *Times* publisher
41. Branch assignment
42. Instruction
44. Cleaving tool
45. Deity
46. Hair snare
47. A covering layer
48. Cat cries
49. Deadly
51. Distress signal
52. Melody
55. What Hitler won't get from Ploesti
56. Melted
59. Civil wrong
60. In, by
61. In the direction of
62. Comfort
63. Woodwind instrument
64. Architectural order
66. Mineral springs
67. Repair
68. Hasty chow
69. Tipster

DOWN

1. Hinged metal strap
2. Player's stake in poker
3. More white with age
4. Yearly
5. Trek on foot
6. Woody vine
7. Duty officer
8. Worn away
9. Ecclesiastical council
10. Grows together
11. Philippine knife
12. Burden
13. Shade trees
22. Sanitary
23. Air (combining form)
26. Philippine crashing fear
27. River of forgetfulness in Hades
28. Baffles
29. Consumed
30. Undergo combustion
32. Heavy explosive
33. Joint of the arm
34. Peruses
36. Positive electrical terminal
37. Native of Scotland
39. Segregated
40. Spoken
43. Thus
44. Colt
45. Nazi police
47. Ancient Greek garment
48. Interfere with; annoy
50. Froglike animal
51. Special orders
52. Minute particle
53. Flowing garment
54. Metallic element
56. Ridicule
57. Jacob's brother
58. Den; abode
61. Twitching
65. Regular Army



The POETS CORNERED

DIRGE

The night wept, and the trees;
And on the hill
Appeared a ghostly cross that bore no name.
The earth spoke, "Rest in peace."
"I will, I will,"
Came from the heart, frozen in smoldering flame.

The night watched, and the trees;
Upon the cross
They saw a lonely name inscribed with tears.
The earth spoke, "Rest in peace."
And silent moss
Lent to a breathless form the dearth of years.

The night slept, and the trees;
Lost on the hill
Appeared a withered flower and a thorn.
The earth spoke, "Rest in peace."
"I will, I will."
And only desolation greets the morn.

New Guinea —T-5 HARRY ECKSTEIN

THE INTROVERT

My mind and I are wary friends of all
Who happen by. In friendliness we might
Extend a hand in answer to a call
Or pass a word in jest, but let one sign
Of fellowship appear, the merest trace
Of faith in what we are, or might soon be,
And we withdraw, throw masks upon the face.
And back toward isolate security.
For shame, you say, to trust no man and let
No friend approach? Know then that, once our door
Was wide to anyone, and once we did forget
The best of men are rich, the worst are poor
In what we treasure most. My mind and I
Hold dear our wealth, and do not waste or buy.

SCSU, Lake Placid, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

BOO! This is Dusty Anderson disguised, very thinly, as a witch. All it means is that it's the Hallowe'en season again and the Hollywood publicity boys have taken their pumpkins and broomsticks out of the mothballs. Dusty has just finished a movie for Columbia Pictures, "Tonight and Every Night," which has nothing to do with this.

TITO

First came the planes. A flock of vultures;
The corpse meticulously staked
Well in advance; cadavers picked
That still were breathing; ancient cultures
Marked for methodic murder, raked
With bombs and bullets while the shutters clicked.

Then came the tanks. A crawling pest;
A herd of locusts, belching steel and death;
A plague of insects, waste and ruin unbridled.
A clanking monster with a studded chest,
Vomiting murder, stopped with leaden breath,
Took careful aim, while its bowels idled.

Then came the men. A gang of thieves,
Of hoodlums, fed and drilled and proud;
A band of cutthroats, damned and cursed;
A stinking storm that drove dry leaves
And shattered bodies in a rising cloud
Of terror, planned for and rehearsed.

Then came the miracle. A naked hand,
Muscled with hatred, fist of fury, blunted
The scavenger jaws of the fascist beast, broke
From its fangs the weapons, manned
The guns with women. Children hunted
The insane hunters and a leader spoke.

Hot pride and prowess, anger, hurt persist
But above all their highest art,
Their deepest wisdom: unity, defended
With stubborn patience both by priest
And Communist, shepherd and lumberjack; the start
Toward a world secure and a nightmare ended.

Fort Lewis, Wash. —Pvt. RUDY BASS

GREENLAND

As daylight fails and winter night begins
The snowy mountains seem like frozen ghosts
Which stand in watchful waiting packed in rows
Above the frozen fjords and icebound coasts.

The arctic day fades fast but leaves
A band of light still on the western peaks
To form a wavy yellow carpet where
Aurora steps upon the stage and speaks
In tongues of light, in filmy veils and banners
Which she waves across the night.

Greenland —S/Sgt. BASIL R. ANDREWS

ON RECEIVING A LETTER FROM YANK

Some happy day when I return
To civilization, I'm going to burn
The cubbyhole that houses YANK
And turn the place into a blank—
With hand grenades and Lewisite,
And bayonets and dynamite;
But first of all I'll strangle the drip
Who sent me that rejection slip!

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —MEREDITH RAY DAVIS SK1c

AND SEE THE WORLD

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold
Of which poetic tongues have often told;
The pathway of romance I've sailed along
Through fabled seas apostrophed in song.
A varied voyage mine? Forego the notion,
For what do you think I saw? I saw the ocean!

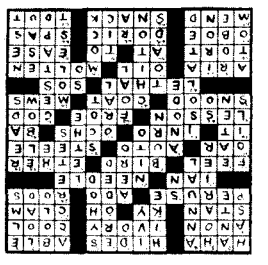
Water, water everywhere; water day and night.
Water, water all the while and never land in sight.
A tropic scene with swaying palms the morning sun may rise on,
A magic land within my grasp, but it's over the horizon.

So every day I sit and stare at the never-changing sea
And try to picture land near which the ship's supposed to be;
But since land is anathema to crowded transport ships,
The storied world lies just beyond my outstretched fingertips.

For all I see of foreign lands as round the world I roam
I'd learn much more from a travel book on my own front porch at home.

-Pfc. JOHN L. VAN DER VOORT
China

PUZZLE SOLUTION



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The Pit and the Private

No one knows how Aladdin Merlin even got into the Army, much less into the Infantry. He's a little guy and his hair is all gray and his face is seamed with wrinkles, but he's got the youngest, rovingest eyes you ever saw. Some of the fellows who were with him at Camp Upton say he came in from a Brooklyn draft board just before Congress stopped drafting guys over 38.

Al used to do a little sleight of hand at the camp shows, but we didn't notice anything exceptional about him until the day the colonel barged into a crap game in the orderly room. The first sergeant had just made his toss when he heard the Old Man's heavy footstep. The top kick's heart sank but he had to look anyway to see if he had made his point. To his surprise, the dice and the money were gone. The sarge thought quick. "We're just looking for a quarter the company clerk dropped behind this file, sir," he said. When the Old Man left, Al returned the dice and dough. He found it a lot easier to get a pass out of the first sergeant after this.

The platoon lieutenant found out, too, that Al was a good man to have around. He could strip a Garand blindfolded as though he could see through the blindfold, and on patrol he'd be just like invisible going through the grass. I remember once on maneuvers in Tennessee we were in this lonely clearing miles from everywhere. One of the guys mentioned that he was tired and hungry, like we all were, and boy, would he like a roast chicken like his mom made at home. Al popped into the brush and a few minutes later he was back holding a roasted chicken and trying to keep the gravy from dripping on him. The lieutenant took first choice on the white meat, of course, but everybody was happy.

I don't recall exactly when Kirby, our platoon sergeant, first took a disliking to him, but everybody knew that he was waiting for a chance to get something on Al. It finally came when the CO found some mud inside the barrel of Merlin's rifle. It was dry in camp, though the woods were still muddy. Kirby was seen in the latrine scrubbing his shoes with a GI brush, which was mighty suspicious.

The CO is an officer who thinks such an offense a cardinal sin, and Al went into the kitchen immediately as punishment. Kirby took T-4 Tomasucci, the first cook, aside and at 1800, after supper, the first cook dismissed all the KPs but Al and told him to clean up the mess hall by himself. Then Tomasucci beat it over to the day room to chuckle with Kirby over the stunt they had pulled on poor little Al. Ten minutes passed and Kirby was choking with laughter when the day-room door opened and Al walked in. "Sarge," he says, "the job is done." Sure enough, the mess hall was spic and span.

This was too much for Kirby. He personally went to the CO and pleaded that Al be taught a lesson so that he would never again endanger his squad with a dirty rifle. "What do you suggest, Sgt. Kirby?" said the Old Man. "The sand pits would do him good," answered the sergeant with an evil glint in his eye. The sand pits are a favorite punishment for wrongdoers, who are given a shovel and told to dig a nice hole all day. So Al wound up in the sand pits, and when Sgt. Kirby came to escort him back to the company at sunset he had dug a respectable hole to match the scores surrounding it. Kirby was satisfied and told himself Al had had enough.

I don't know who first noticed it, but one day someone spied a new ditch on the edge of our parade grounds. The next day the ditch was halfway across and the third day it was approaching the main road that ran through the camp. They followed it back and found it started at a hole in the sand pit, so the colonel got out a company and they filled it in. But still it grew like a snake, and the dirt they spilled into it was gone the next day.

The Saturday parade had to be called off and traffic was detoured in the camp, for the ditch was worming its way forward. The camp engineer estimated that it was headed for our company area and called the Old Man up to tell him. The Old Man shook his head in despair and sat down to await developments.

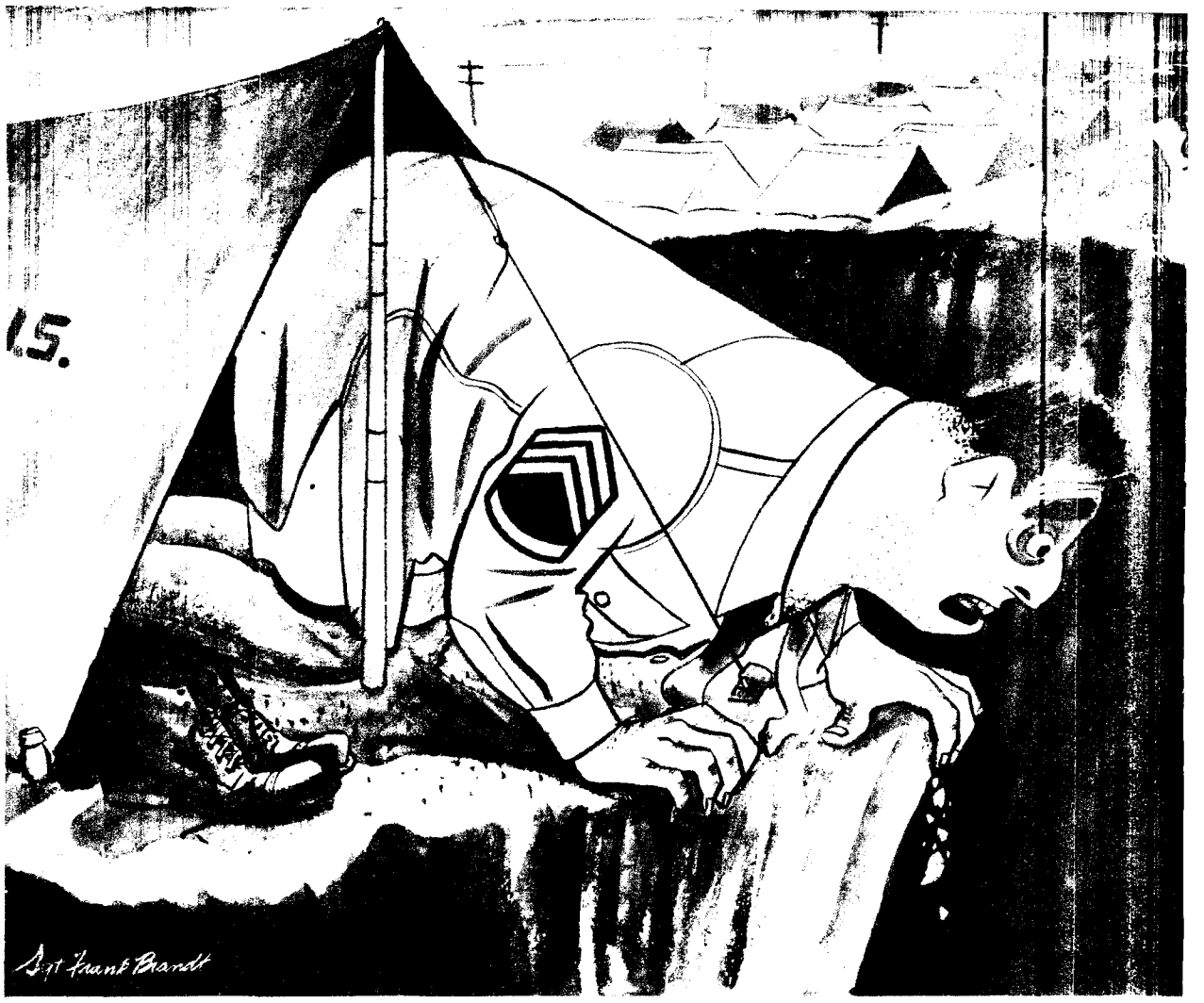
Strangely enough, the ditch headed for but one tent, Sgt. Kirby's. When he went to bed one night it was about two feet deep and a foot wide in a circle around his tent. The next morning it was eight feet wide and bottomless, and Kirby, shaking with terror, was marooned. They tried to bridge the chasm but the earth around it always slid in. That night Kirby got hungry and they had to throw K rations across to him while the colonel began to discuss plans to rescue him.

On the second day the situation called for immediate action, for the chasm began widening inward toward the very supports of Kirby's tent and would soon swallow it up in a bottomless void. Kirby was beside himself with fright. "Send for Merlin," he screamed across the canyon to the Old Man.

They brought up Al and the sergeant wailed for him to do something. "I could fill up that hole in the sand pit." Al smiled pleasantly, "if you'd tell how you gummed up my gun." So in the presence of the regimental commander, the company commander and 500 GIs, Kirby confessed. After that it was easy. Al shoveled all the dirt back in his sand-pit hole and each successive day it was noticed that the ditch was gradually becoming shallower.

After a week of K rations, Kirby was rescued. The ditch was filled and they were able to reach him and carry him to the station hospital suffering from starvation and shock. And the sand pits are off limits by order of the colonel, who has always thought that Brooklyn draft boards ought to be more careful about whom they send into the Army.

Lowry Field, Colo. —Pvt. ARTHUR ADLER



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Patent Request

NOMENCLATURE: Self-Operated Automatic Height-Adjuster, M2A1.

PURPOSE: To align troops according to height for reviews, parades, etc., with a minimum of commotion, confusion and moving around.

DESCRIPTION: A small, flat rubber bladder is inserted between the helmet liner and the helmet, connected by a tube running down the collar and sleeve to a rubber bulb held in the left hand. The web chin strap on the helmet is removed and an elastic one substituted. When the company or battalion falls in, the CO gives the command, "Dress right, dress." Then he moves to the right flank and indicates the height at which he wants the rank adjusted. By simple squeezing of the bulb, each man's helmet is brought to the proper height and the CO moves on to the next rank. This may be done by the numbers or at will.

CAUTION: Extremely short men are liable to injuries caused by over-inflation of the bladder. In this case, use the Guard, face, M3A4 (SNL-X-3).

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. —T-4 JOHN W. GREENLEAF

MIDSUMMER METAPHOR

When I saw the pretty white clematis curl
Its tendrils round the pump-house lattice, and unfurl
The pointed leaves that last year broke the aged wood with heavy greens,
I knew what happens to a weathered man who loves a young thing in her teens.

Fort Bliss, Tex. —Pvt. THOMAS LANGNER

SONNET

Shed no vain tears for us when we are gone,
Nor let the fangs of grief gnaw at your heart
Merely because we are a while apart
And may not come again. Though we are drawn
Into the battlefields of war upon
A moment's notice, let our leaving start
No sorrow train, nor yet impart
A trace of sadness which might linger on.
The soldier's business is death and flame,
And iron thunder rumbling through the night
While the Dark Angel writes the little names
In blood upon his book by the strange light
Of bursting shells. If you remember, only
Let it be with your prayers. Death is so lonely.

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. —O/C A. L. CROUCH

"How do you figure you stand on points, sarge?"
—Sgt. Jud Hurd, Fort Jay, N. Y.

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SPORTS: SO YOU KNOW FOOTBALL? THEN TRY THIS EASY QUIZ

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

HERE is YANK's first all-football sports quiz, a good proving ground for your knowledge of football personalities and events. In scoring yourself, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. A score of 80 or more is excellent, 70 is good, 60 is fair, 50 is passing, 40 or below is failure.

1. Identify five out of seven of the coaches known by each of the following nicknames: *(a)* Slip, *(b)* Rip, *(c)* Biff, *(d)* Bo, *(e)* Clipper, *(f)* Spike, *(g)* Greasy.

2. What score was changed two days after the game was played because of the referee's error?

3. Pop Warner originated and glorified *(a)* T formation, *(b)* Flea Flicker, *(c)* KF-79, *(d)* Single Wing, *(e)* Double Wing.

4. What school made the "From Rose Hill to Rose Bowl" cry famous?

5. Here is a list of some of the greatest football players in history. Can you name the college teams they played on? *(a)* George Gipp, *(b)* Sammy Baugh, *(c)* Mel Hein, *(d)* Red Grange, *(e)* Ernie Nevers.

6. What was the largest tie score between two major teams since 1930?

7. What are the dimensions of a football field? *(a)* 110 yards by 60 yards, *(b)* 120 yards by 60 yards, *(c)* 110 yards by 53 1/3 yards, *(d)* 120 yards by 53 1/3 yards.

8. Identify the following teams: *(a)* Iron Major, *(b)* Iron Men, *(c)* Iron Dukes.

9. Who threw the longest completed pass in the history of football and how far did it travel?

10. If Georgia Tech played Northwestern, who would be the opposing coaches?

11. Name the receiver in the following pass-receiving combinations: Rockne to ....., Isbell to .....

12. What player made the All-American team both as a tackle and fullback?

13. How many of the following coaches had teams that played in the Rose Bowl: Jim Crowley, Lou Little, Amos Alonzo Stagg, Wallace Wade, D. X. Bible, Wallace Butts, Stub Allison, Carl Snavely?

14. What Eastern team completed its season undefeated, untied, unscored on and uninvited to any of the bowl games?

15. What section of the country does this all-star line represent: Schreiner and Milner, ends; Bauman and Wildung, tackles; Bevan and Houston, guards, and Bernard, center?

16. Give the nicknames of the following All-American backs: *(a)* Goldberg of Pitt, *(b)* White of Colorado, *(c)* Borries of Navy, *(d)* Warburton of Southern California, *(e)* Rentner of Northwestern.

17. What are the five big bowls and in what cities are they located?

18. What school was famous for its Punt, Pass and Prayer teams?

19. Just between us, when was Army's last victory over Navy?

←**20.** Pictured on the left are Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, horses and all. Reading from left to right, can you name them?

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. *(a)* Edward Madigan, *(b)* E. E. Miller, *(c)* Lawrence Jones, *(d)* Alvin McMillan, *(e)* Maurice Smith, *(f)* Emerson Nelson, *(g)* Earle Neale. **2.** Cornell vs. Dartmouth, 1940. Referee Red Friesell gave Cornell five downs and Cornell scored last minute touchdown to win, 7-3. Error discovered in movies and score was disallowed. **3.** *(e)* Double wing. **4.** Fordham. **5.** *(a)* Notre Dame, *(b)* Texas Christian, *(c)* Wash. State, *(d)* Illinois, *(e)* Stanford. **6.** Yale 33; Dartmouth 33, 1931. **7.** *(d)* 120 yards by 53 1/3 yards. **8.** *(a)* Frank Cavanaugh, *(b)* Brown's undefeated team of 1926, *(c)* Duke's unscored line of 1937. **9.** Brick Muller of California who threw 70-yard pass against Ohio State. **10.** Bill Alexander and Lynn Waldorf. **11.** Rockne to Dorais, Isbell to Hutson. **12.** Bronko Nagurski. **13.** Lou Little, Wallace Wade, Wallace Butts, Stub Allison. **14.** Colgate. **15.** Midwest. **16.** *(a)* Biggie, *(b)* Whizzer, *(c)* Buzz, *(d)* Cotton, *(e)* Pug. **17.** Rose Bowl, Pasadena, Calif.; Sugar Bowl, New Orleans, La.; Orange Bowl, Miami, Fla.; Cotton Bowl, Dallas, Tex.; Sun Bowl, El Paso, Tex. **18.** Michigan. **19.** 1938, score: 14-7. **20.** Jim Crowley, Don Miller, Elmer Layden and Harry Stuhldreher.

FAMOUS FIGHTERS. Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark talks with S/Sgt. Joe Louis after the heavyweight champion put on an exhibition as part of the Army's Salerno Day commemoration exercises in Italy.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

WHEN **Al Schacht**, the top-hatted baseball clown, arrived in Dutch New Guinea he asked the welcoming committee: "Is there an outfielder on this island? I'm a Brooklyn Dodger scout." . . . **Ens. Sid Luckman** won't be spending his week-end passes with the Chicago Bears this fall. He has been assigned to a tanker as clerk and "ship doctor." . . . **Paul Waner, Waite Hoyt** and **Paul Derringer** have replaced **Lefty Gomez, Don Gutteridge** and **Billy Jurges** in the overseas baseball line-up. **Waner** should go over big with the GIs; he's an amateur magician, an entertaining story teller and a good fourth hand at bridge. . . . Here's the way **Sgt. Petey Sarron**, ex-featherweight champion, sizes up his opponents: Best in-fighter, **Henry Armstrong**; hardest hitter, **Barney Ross**; best right hand, **Johnny Datto**; best left hand, **Fidel La Barba**; best footwork, **Freddie Miller**; most colorful, **Kid Chocolate**; hardest to hit, **Davey Abad**.

Cpl. Billy Conn and his "Blockbusters," as his troupe has been dubbed, will follow **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** into the Mediterranean Theater. Louis moves into the Persian Gulf Command. . . . **Lt. Comdr. Harvey Harman**, the football coach, is serving aboard an aircraft carrier. . . . In case you're interested in such things, ringside seats at the boxing shows in Rome are selling for $3. . . . *Discharged:* **Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman**, Minnesota football coach, from the Marines. . . . **Heinz Becker**, the Cubs' German-born catcher, has a cousin in a PW camp in Texas. . . . **Sgt. Tom Gorman**, ex-Giant pitcher, who organized a GI baseball circuit in the Middle East, is back in the States, stationed in New Jersey. . . . A shipping order has wiped out the crack Bainbridge Naval Station baseball team. Such stars as **Elbie Fletcher, Freddie Chapman, Sherry Robertson, Dick Bartell** and **Maxie Wilson** are headed for the Pacific war zone. . . . During one of his baseball broadcasts, **Dizzy Dean** was struggling with a War Bond announcement. In the middle of a paragraph, he threw the script aside and said: "By golly, I sure wish I had a gun so's I could go out there and shoot me some Japs." Twenty minutes later he was besieged with telegrams, saying: "Who's holding you, you bum?"

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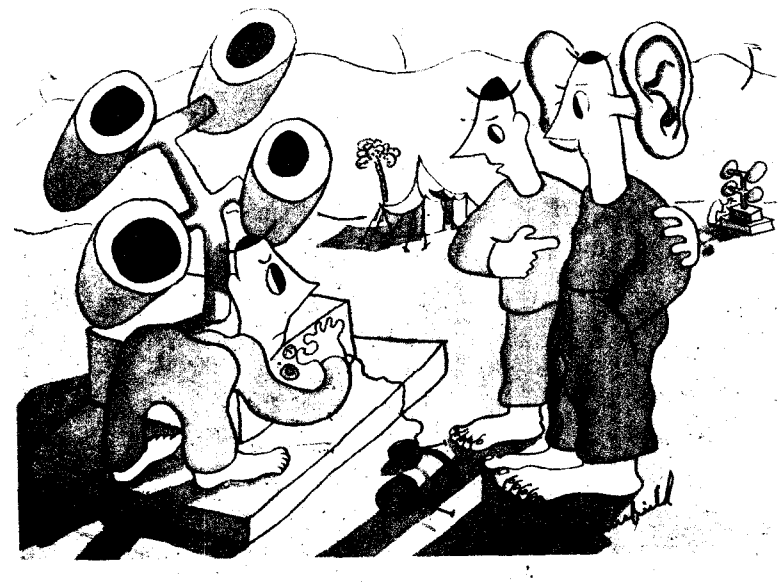
此の頃は何か良い風聞を聞いたか？

—Sgt. LaFayette Locke



"THIS IS THE GUY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT."

—Pvt. Walter Mansfie

"I DON'T THINK THE BOYS DOWN AT THE POST OFFICE ARE GOING TO LIKE THIS VERY MUCH."

—Cpl. Barney Spaulding

—M/Sgt. Ted Miller

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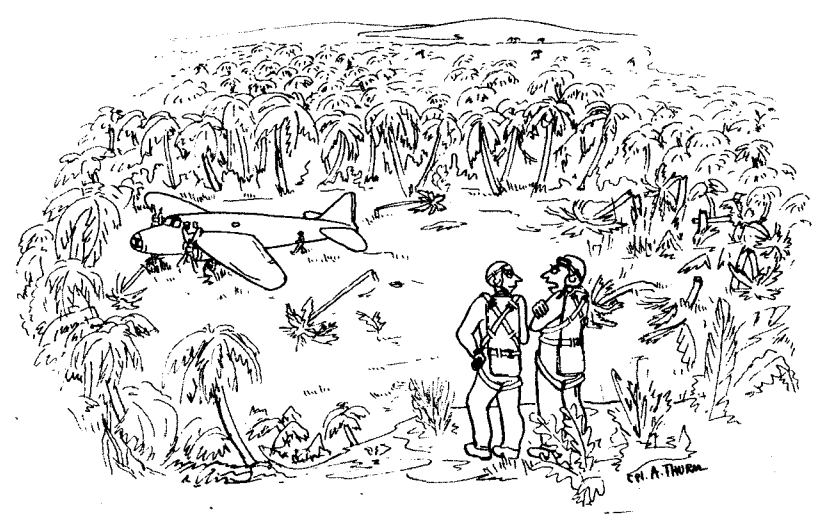

"ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, SO IT WASN'T THE CAMOUFLAGED RUNWAY!"

—Cpl. Arnold Thurm

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